Vol. CXXXII. No. 1722.

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THE BYSTANDER, DECEMBER 16, 1936.

The BYSTANDER

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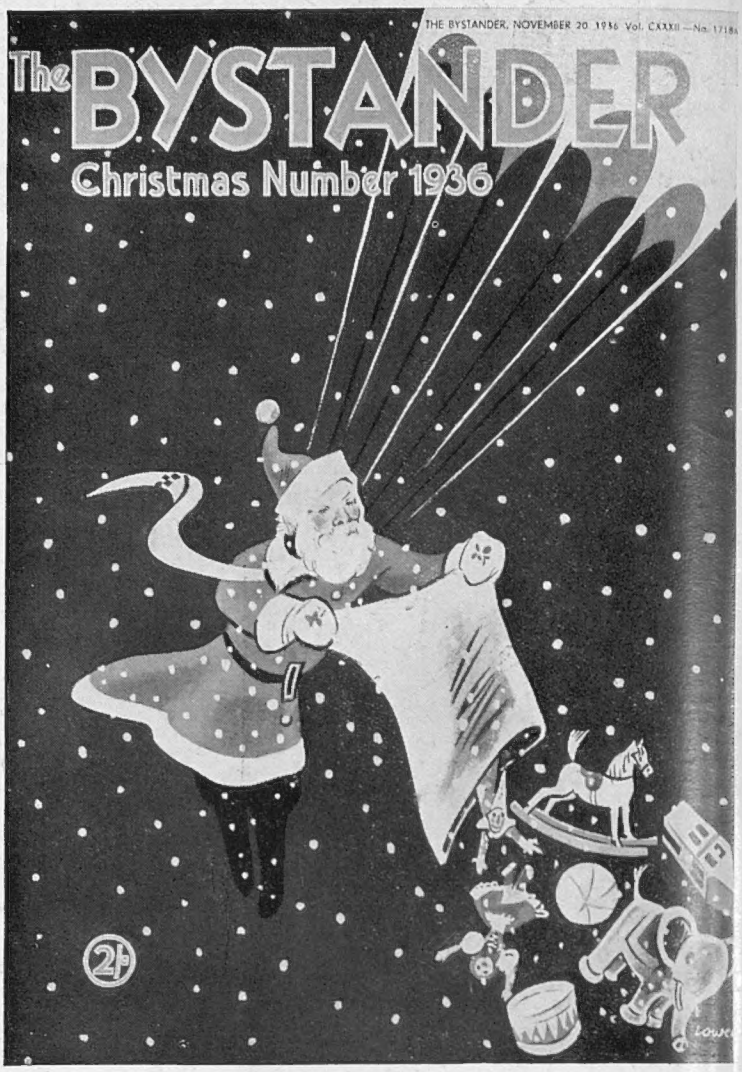

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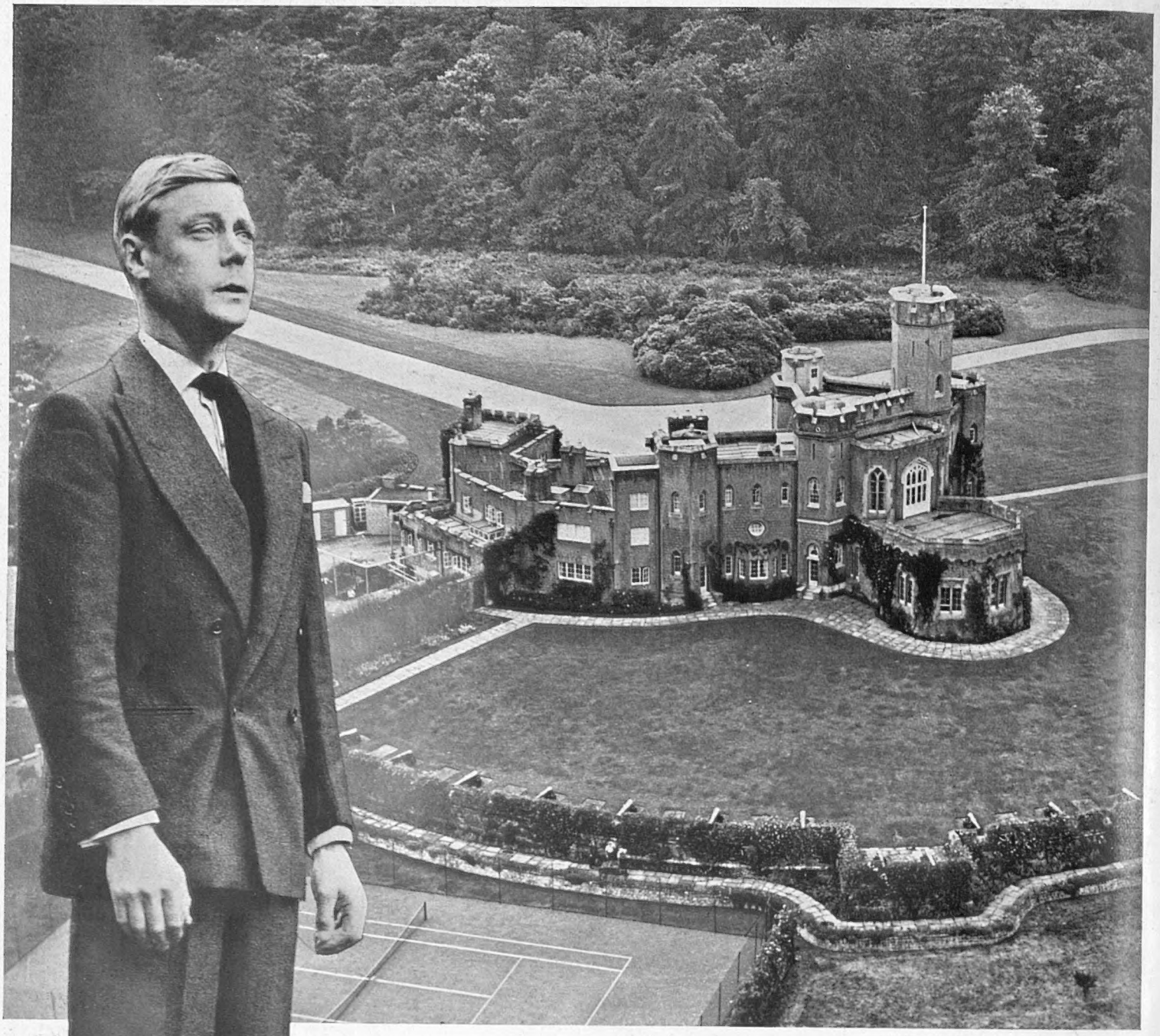
The Bystander, December 16, 1936 No. 1722. Vol. CXXXII.

The Bystander

His Majesty King George VI

From the portrait by Simon Elwes in this year's Academy of His Majesty, then Duke of York, in the uniform of Colonel-in-Chief, 11th Hussars (P.A.O.)



End of a Chapter

The Fort Where Edward VIII. Decided His Destiny

After many crowded and eventful years of service to his country, and a reign of three hundred and twenty-five days, Edward VIII. made his tragic choice. Rather than give up the woman he wished to make his wife, he gave up the throne of the greatest Empire in the world. His subjects say good-bye to him as their king with deep and bitter regret. They had greatly loved and admired him since the days when he first began to go about among them, and had come more and more to look on him as a man whose talent would discover how to combine in a new way real leadership with the duties of a constitutional monarch. Now that he has chosen to walk another road, their thoughts and wishes for his happiness still go with him

"The Duke and Duchess of York" Leave for Their Last Week-End in the Country

The Duke and Duchess of York, as they were when this photograph was taken, spent the last week-end before King Edward's abdication made them King and Queen, at their country home, Royal Lodge, Windsor Park. It was there that King Edward saw his mother for the last time before he ceased to be King

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Empire has been stunned. Men and women in every corner of it are dazed and bewildered. An unbelievable thing has happened, and now there is nothing to do but to sit down and try to believe it. The process will be hard, and it will take time. The upheaval itself was short. But the upheaval in people's hearts will be long. For more than forty years the greatest Empire which the world has ever seen had rejoiced in the certainty that one day Edward would ascend the throne of his fathers and assume the burden of linking together the races, the lands, and the religions of that Empire. For more than forty years Edward was loved and respected as a human being, as a great Prince of Wales, and as one who was obviously going to be a great King.

The feelings of forty years cannot be uprooted in a week without leaving behind a daze and a bewilderment. The Empire will continue to love and respect a man who has worked so hard for its welfare, but it will find it difficult to understand him.

THE King is dead! Long live the King! We part from Edward VIII. with infinite sadness, but to-morrow is also a day. The Throne has been shaken, but its foundations are as firm as ever they were, and it is the duty of every citizen to help the new King to restore its position. The past is past. What is broken cannot be mended, but the Throne has not been broken. The new King's position will at first be difficult. It is for his subjects to make that difficulty as small as possible by their sympathy and loyalty.

After all, the Imperial Throne rests upon the hearts of the people rather than upon the heads of politicians.

THE very existence of a charming and gracious Queen will also be a powerful factor in making the new King's task easier. Queen Alexandra and Queen Mary won the affection of the nation so completely that a bachelor King, however much adored, could not fail to bring a small but definite sense of disappointment to his people. Now we have a Queen again whose charm and personality are in the true line of her predecessors. Furthermore, the heir-presumptive to the Throne is the Princess Elizabeth, and no one can possibly ignore the historical truth that the British will work even harder, will exert themselves even more wholeheartedly, will show an even deeper loyalty for a Queen than for a King. It was for Elizabeth that the poets wrote and the sailors fought. It was for Anne that Marlborough smashed the armies of Louis XIV. It was for Victoria that so much of the Empire was built and the Imperial Crown created. A new Elizabethan age, under Queen Elizabeth the Second, may yet astonish the world.

LAST week I wrote on this page that the nation was at least fortunate in that the painful situation was in the hands of an English gentleman. I never wrote a truer word. No one could read Mr. Baldwin's speech in which he announced the King's decision without being profoundly moved. The Prime Minister may have both defects and opponents—who has not?—but there is no man in the country, whether in politics or business or in any other walk of life who can approach him in the handling of a human problem. It is, I think, because he is so completely an Englishman, because he has to the highest degree the Englishman's queer, unreasonable, instinctive knowledge of the human heart, that makes him supreme in such a crisis as this. There is no coincidence in the fact that Mr. Baldwin comes from Worcestershire and Shakespeare from Warwickshire, counties that are the very core of England. It would have been a matter for profound surprise if one had come from, say, Monmouth and the other from Cornwall.

IN one sentence Mr. Baldwin summed-up and illuminated this power he has of touching humanity. "I did tell his Majesty once that I might be a remnant of the old Victorians, but that my worst enemy would not say of me that I did not know what the reaction of the English people would be to any particular course of action."

That is Mr. Baldwin's secret. He understands the Englishman. And the Englishman will respond to his leader's last words in his speech :

" Let us look forward, and remember our country, and the trust reposed by our country in this, the House of Commons, and let us rally behind the new King, stand behind him, help him. Let us hope that, whatever the country may have suffered by what we are passing through, it may soon be repaired, and that we may take what steps we can in trying to make a better country for all the people."

THE Houses of Parliament themselves rose to heights of quiet dignity. Mr. Attlee's speech could not have been better and nor could Sir Archibald Sinclair's. For the private members, Mr. Churchill spoke with his usual eloquence, and in the Lords the same dignity was maintained by Lord Halifax and Lord Snell. It was left for Messrs. Gallacher and Buchanan to throw some mud, but their marksmanship was so erratic that they only hit themselves.

THE part played by the Press of the country during the crisis has been interesting, and very instructive.

First of all, the explosion was started in the Midlands and the North. It was the provincial newspapers of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Warwickshire which touched off the powder-magazine, and for a whole day we had the singular experience of knowing that a grave crisis had arisen and being unable to find a single editorial comment in the Metropolitan Press. On the following day the first London leading-articles appeared, of which the *Daily Telegraph's* was the most outspoken. All, with the exception of one group, took the steady and dignified attitude of sympathy for his Majesty and at the same time a firm conviction that public opinion in the country was against the proposed marriage. The *Manchester Guardian*, easily the most important of the provincials, took the same attitude.

THERE are quite a number of people in the Socialist Party who advocate the abolition of the Monarchy. But the *Daily Herald*, official organ of Labour, did not hesitate. It came out as strongly and as sanely in support of the general attitude of Mr. Baldwin as any of the Conservative papers. The Liberal *News-Chronicle* took the same line, and so the responsible newspapers of the three political parties stood together in quiet and calm unity. It came as a bit of a shock to read an enthusiastic quotation from the *Daily Herald* in a *Times* leader, but nevertheless it was a well-deserved tribute.

In the meanwhile, Lord Rothermere's journals began to scream, and their screaming grew louder and louder and more and more regrettably lacking in the dignity of their contemporaries. Lord Rothermere addressed one or two singular letters to his readers. I cannot do better than quote the *Times'* powerful and thunderous comment on the latest of these epistles :

In one of the letters which he addressed to successive editions of his own evening newspaper yesterday, Lord Rothermere, desisting from an earlier attempt to clarify the present issue by bringing conscription and Soviet Russia into the reckoning, advanced, almost as though it had newly occurred to him, the alternative of the so-called morganatic marriage.

The dilemma which this plan is supposed to evade is grievous to the last extreme, but, since neither muddle-headedness nor a disingenuous indifference to reason is likely to show the way out, there need be no apology for looking again at an already demolished case.

The Thunderer then proceeded to look at it again, and again demolished it with a series of sledge-hammer blows.

THE story of Lord Rothermere is not yet finished. On the second day after his Lordship had advocated the morganatic marriage in the *Evening News*, his own *Daily Mirror* said, in its leading-article :

The idea of a morganatic marriage has been shown to be impossible. It would, indeed give the lady upon whom the King's affections appear to be unalterably fixed a position unworthy of her.

The *Evening News* of the same day blandly said nothing about his Lordship's vehement advocacy of the morganatic marriage in its own columns of two days before.

Irresponsibility such as this serves one good purpose and one good purpose only. It throws up in bright relief the tact and steadiness of judgment and sobriety of tone of the rest of the British Press. During all the months before the Bishop of Bradford's famous statement, and during the days that have passed since, the British Press, with the exception of Lord Rothermere's group, has deserved well of the country.

The Man Who Bore the Brunt of the Crisis

A ring of camera-men waited for Mr. Baldwin to leave No. 10 on Thursday, to call on Queen Mary at Marlborough House before going on to the Houses of Parliament to hear the Speaker read King Edward's message of abdication. In the Premier's own words in the Commons, after the message had been read, " no more difficult and repugnant task has ever been imposed upon a Prime Minister." And again, in his own words, with which every soul who has read his wonderful speech will agree : " I am convinced that where I failed no one could have succeeded "

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Queen Mary—Truly a Queen Mother to Her People

"Queen Mary has always been at hand, ready to give help and counsel, for the good of the people as well as of her children, in every phase of difficulty that might arise. Not only has comfort been sought from her by all her sons in turn, and by their wives whom she has made her daughters, but Ministers also have withdrawn themselves from the deep disquiet of Cabinet debates to refer to Queen Mary a problem beyond the power of statesmanship to solve. . . . No one can estimate how much has been owed to the wise and gracious influence that throughout the crisis has worked in the background to mitigate the harshness of inexorable events." These quotations are taken from the *Times*' leading article on Queen Mary on the day after King Edward's abdication. The snapshot, one of the most delightful ever obtained of her, was taken during her visit to the Children's Clinic, Ladbroke Square, a few weeks ago

Edward VIII, 1936

Some Memories of a Brief Reign

With His Navy

One of the episodes of King Edward's visit to the Home Fleet at Portland was his going aboard the submarine Narwhal

With His Air Force

In July he visited four R.A.F. stations, flying three hundred miles during the day. Here he is watching an aerobatic display at Northolt

With His Army

After King Edward had presented new colours to three battalions of Guards in Hyde Park, the revolver-throwing incident took place as he rode back to Buckingham Palace

A formal occasion—here King Edward had just arrived in Sofia, where he was met by King Boris of Bulgaria

An informal occasion—King Edward and Mrs. Simpson were landing from the Nahlin on an island in the Adriatic. This is one of the pictures that have become historic during the last two weeks

Three Aspects of King Edward's Summer Holiday on the Dalmatian Coast and in

Holiday in Scotland

King Edward and his brother, then the Duke of York, arrived together at Ballater Station on their way to Balmoral. They were both wearing the Balmoral tartan

Armistice Day

Armistice Day was the last opportunity Londoners had of seeing King Edward on a formal occasion, and also the last time they saw him with Queen Mary. His obvious affection and care for his mother will always be remembered as a delightful aspect of their public appearances together

Below: another and vivid last memory of King Edward —his visit to South Wales. Here he was talking to a group of ex-Servicemen at one of the housing estates he inspected

Central Europe

King Edward's informality particularly delighted the Austrians during his brief summer visit to their country. Here he was playing golf at Vienna's Country Club

The New King and His Family

This photograph of the King and Queen with their children was taken when, as Duke and Duchess of York, they visited the Royal Tournament this year. The Duke of York was the first of the late King's sons to marry; his wedding to Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, the Earl of Strathmore's youngest daughter, took place in 1923. They and their daughters, ten-year-old Princess Elizabeth, now heir to the Throne, and six-year-old Princess Margaret Rose, have won a firm place in the people's heart for their example of happy family life. The new King was forty-one on Monday

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

One ray of cheer amid the encircling gloom of an unparalleled constitutional crisis came from the dear old *Morning Post*, which, alone among the national dailies, on the very day of revelation, preserved the historic national attitude towards disturbing facts. H. G. Wells once remarked that alone among peoples the British, by the especial favour of Providence, have the gift of making anything unpleasant disappear at once by firmly closing the eyes. So, when these islands were still gasping at news which has been trumpeted abroad by the American Press and its subsidiaries for months past, the *Post* alone gallantly kept the old Flag flying and couldn't believe it. Extract from leading article:

> We shrink from believing that there is solid foundation for the gossip and rumour, now current both at home and abroad. We shrink from believing it for one reason which would be alone sufficient, if there were no other—that if it were true, the gravest injury to every national and Imperial interest must result.

There ought to be a medal for that, don't you think?

Lost Endeavour

To those of us who are forced to read the foreign newspapers to know what's going on in the big world, the ruthlessness of a section of the American Press during the past six months or so has been mystifying. It seemed to be a personal grievance in some cases. Even those more sober weeklies which had to be regularly censored on arrival here—a few copies regularly circulated intact—seemed to be running a deliberate campaign. We can't imagine why.

As for a biographical study called *Baltimore to Balmoral*, advertised as due for American publication shortly, it seems likely to be a sensational flop now that everybody on this side knows. Had these islands still been under a censorship our bookselling boys would probably have cashed in on this opus at top smuggling-prices and beaten the sales of *Ulysses*. Which leads us, speaking as litteratoors, to a mournful reflection on the uncertain and arduous existence of the commercial booksy boys. How often, when on the verge of triumph, has not the cup been dashed from their quivering lips?

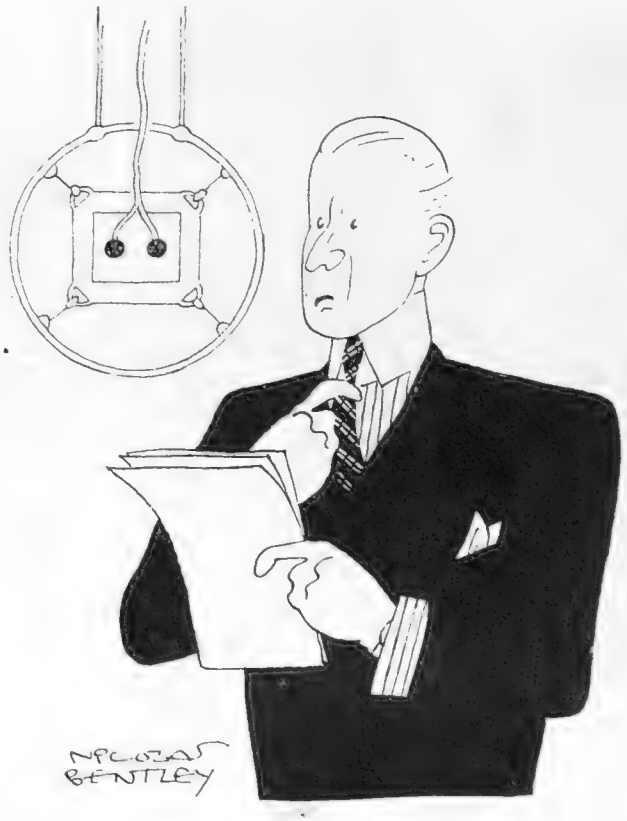
They're luckier in America than here. Remember a little not-so-long-ago autobiography called *The President's Daughter*, revealing hitherto-unsuspected aspects of the domestic life of President Harding? The police quashed it at birth, it was promptly bootlegged all over the States, and the happy publisher snaffled a small fortune.

Eureka Dept.

The colossal mystery of the missing Dauphin, Louis XVII., which has been an insoluble enigma to historians ever since 1795 or thereabouts—even to the indefatigable Lenotre—is now solved. A Mr. H. C. Gontier of Kenya solved it the other day in a letter to the Press.

Mr. Gontier firmly disposed of all doubt, past, present, and future, by stating that he is the great-grandson of a former Seychelles resident named Charles Louis Poiret—"otherwise the Dauphin Louis XVII." The Dauphin, after being spirited away from the Temple, lived in France for a time under the name of Poiret, then emigrated to Réunion, and thence to Seychelles, where one of his descendants, M. Dijoux Poiret, still lives. That seems clear and final enough; but we couldn't help musing a little over the last sentence of Mr. Gontier's communiqué, stating that the Dauphin left "a very large family, who have the blood of the Bourbons and the Habsburgs in their veins." Evidently the air of Seychelles is good, for little Louis XVII. was a weakly child.

Take it, says this Mr. Gontier of Kenya in effect, or darned well leave it. How modern French historians will take it we don't know. Possibly with the single word "*Tiens!*" Possibly with another word of equal length, implying courteous dismissal of a theory as yet insufficiently substantiated, and used frequently by taxi-drivers in this sense. It isn't impossible, of course, that the last of the Capets should be a native of Seychelles. The last of the royal Lusignans, kings for 300 years, was a poor old children's governess who died at Edmonton in the 1850's, and the last Plantagenet was, they say, a farm labourer. But seeing the Dauphin enigma is no enigma at all, why are the French so snootily unaware?



"Here is the weather report—and, believe me, it's lousy!"

Midsummer Day's Dream

The Victoria and Albert Museum preserves Paxton's first design for the now-defunct Crystal Palace—a rough sketch and other scribblings, made on a sheet of blotting-paper during a Midland Railway board meeting at Derby in June 1850.

We 've seen it, and have stared at it fascinated, imagining that fateful summer day. On smooth-shaven lawns all over England dainty feet were peeping daringly from voluminous skirts as nicely-bred girls swung gently to and fro in hammocks, or returned the Curate's lobs. Grave whiskered gentlemen were everywhere, denouncing and patronising. On the sands at Ramsgate and Worthing, and in the mines and sweatshops of the industrial areas, the merry laughter of little children made the summer day delightful. And there in that stuffy Midland Railway board room, with directors sitting all round like so many stern and hairy eggs, listening to the Chairman's speech or gazing out of the window at the hideous town of Derby frizzling in the heat, is Old Man Paxton, bored with railway finance, sketching away like billy-ho.

We have a good idea how the now-celebrated drawing took shape. It began as a few meaningless squiggles—the kind everybody makes at board meetings. Then, fascinated by the Chairman's stately dome, Paxton began drawing it in various positions. Almost insensibly these lofty curves linked themselves with other lines and squiggles, until a Crystal Palace was born. Until the place was burnt out the other day you could see the outline of the Chairman's head plainly in the middle.

They originally thought of building Paxton's monument in cast-iron, but the Master of the Glazier's Company having laughingly suggested glass as a possible medium, glass was used.

Pluck Will Tell

ASSEMBLING his memories of the Crystal Palace, incidentally, sports-ace Trevor Wignall appears to have mixed them. " Bushy-whiskered W. G. Grace playing in a cricket match which he dominated to the exclusion of all others. . . . Dame Clara Butt hushing to absolute silence a large gathering with her deep-toned singing. . . ." An aged friend who was also there assures us that after his innings W. G. Grace sang in the same programme as Dame Clara Butt. It was a hot afternoon and he sang Handel's " Messiah " all through, doubling the other vocal and all instrumental parts, and also imitating the organ, with bell effects. He wore cricketing flannels and swiped round angrily at intervals with his great bat, Yersleigh. In the second half he lifted weights as well, just to show people. " W. G." as his friends called him, was the sort of man who *had* to dominate every situation. Cricket was his life's passion, but he couldn't bear to be beaten at anything by a woman.

" Eight o'clock, m'lord — and we should be having eggs and bacon "

" We don't know what it is to buy *an egg "*

This is the true British spirit, and it survives, we 're glad to say, to-day, and not only among the fighting Macdonells. Any Old Roedean girl swaggering into the BYSTANDER office and challenging people contemptuously to fight, wrestle, run, lift weights, or jump gets her breath taken away by instant ringing acceptances from every side. It 's just a tradition. If the Books Department were to receive a sudden challenge from Rebecca West to write a good destructive criticism of 800 words on the floor, with the head placed under the left knee, the left hand gripping the right ankle and the left foot cocked over the back, our Mr. Alan Thomas would at once throw himself into that position *and* whistle a good tune. In fact, he 's in that position now, having assumed it some months ago for a wager and being too proud to untie himself at the order of any woman.

Heigh Ho, the Holly

FIRST Seasonable Story of the Month: Surrounded by happy Belgian children, Santa Claus arrived the other day at the Dutch-Belgian frontier village of Esschen, attended by his traditional servant Black Peter, and distributing toys. Crossing the frontier to carry on the good work among the children of Nispen, on the Dutch side, the merry old gentleman was stopped by Customs officials, who laughingly searched him and his attendant and found them both packed with contraband. Both are now in clink and likely to be there some time after the Christmas bells are silent.

The moral, it seems to us, is that Santa Claus is growing a little dull in his old age. A spectacular crossing of frontiers like that would make even a British Cabinet Minister suspect something. If the old gentleman had only thought of disguising himself and friend as smugglers and roaring jovially that his pockets were full of lace and brandy he might have got away with it, and the Customs' men's watches as well. Or not. Anyway, the prevailing lack of perceptiveness in the average human is rarely taken full advantage of by the honest criminal classes, as every criminologist agrees.

One of G. K. Chesterton's detective stories exploits this imperceptiveness very effectively. The murderer strolls into a London mansion-flat, does his victim in, and coolly carries out the body in a sack under the four watchful eyes of a hall porter and a policeman, who sincerely swear they 've seen nobody enter or leave. Father Brown, having solved the mystery at length, points out that so far from being inconspicuous, the murderer was dressed in a handsome and striking costume of red, blue and gold. And so he was—he 'd simply put on a postman's uniform.

Children's Hour

A GENTEEL dab at "reviving" the ancient office of Boy Bishop on St. Nicolas' Day (December 6th) having been made this year at Salisbury Cathedral, we looked up the real thing for curiosity's sake, and found it used to be rather a jolly affair.

The mediæval chorister elected Boy Bishop (*Episcopus Pueorum*) not only wore accurate miniature episcopal vestments, with mitre, gloves, ring, shoes, and crozier, but if he died within the month had the right to be buried in them, "with answerable glorious pomp and sadness." Also, having to preach a sermon, he could take a sly preliminary crack at the Cathedral dignitaries from the Bishop downwards, occupying for the occasion the lowest places in choir. Many of them had probably boxed his ears at regular intervals throughout the liturgical year. We can see a grin on the faces of the faithful at (for example) St. Paul's Cathedral in 1493 when the Boy Bishop, after asking prayers for Pope, King, and Royal Family, went on to ask all present to pray also for "the right reverend Father and worshipful Lord, my brother Bishop of London; also my worshipful brother the Dean of this Cathedral, my right worshipful brother and lover the Mayor, with all the Aldermen and Sheriffs," etc.

With obvious discreet suppressions, surely this should have been continued, if they revived the office at all? The approved modern method of "reviving" anything from the rich past is carefully to extract all life, warmth, colour, intention and meaning from it, and to water down what remains into nullity, chill, decorous, and dead, like Victorian fake-Gothic. Otherwise we 'd suggest reviving the Feast of Fools for next Epiphany—a genial and timely thing to do.

Troglodyte

IDLY turning the pages of an open-air weekly, we were attracted by an advertisement-illustration consisting of two halves. In the top half was a pretty modern villa nestling amid trees on a well-shaven lawn. Underneath the lawn, in a well-furnished bomb-proof shelter, Papa, Mamma, and the children were tranquilly taking tea, as cosy as all-get-out. The advertising company in fact guaranteed to equip any country house in Great Britain with an underground establishment like a home from home.

The curious thing about this quaint, pleasant picture of a twentieth-century British domestic interior—it reminded us strongly of the Dutch School—was that no bombs were dropping on the villa. All was peace and a clear sky. The conclusion seemed to be that once you 've got this underground annexe you just can't help living in it, air raids or not.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"If *we hurry, George, we 'll catch up with the herd!*"

Le Wintersporting

(1) We're Off! Thoughts on Leaving Victoria

By W. D. H. McCullough

(Joint Author, with Fougasse, of "You Have Been Warned")

Preliminary Ups and Downs

THE amazing way the advertisements display the pleasures of Winter Sports. The even more amazing fascination of snow and sunshine. The desperate resolve to ask for a few days leave. The marvellous reports about snow conditions. The delicious feeling when the travel people accept your cheque. The frightful rumours that eleven feet of powder snow have suddenly been transformed into green fields. The preparation of a packing list—the question whether one can borrow the same pair of ski-ing trousers as last year. The sinking feeling that that passport is not in the top drawer.

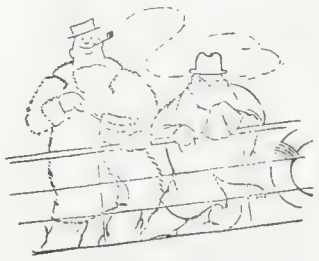
The Journey—Insular

THE problem of getting skis on to a taxi without breaking windows or causing trouble at pedestrian crossings.

Packing-list

The icy fear that you are going to miss the train on account of traffic jams. The self-centred people in the cars all round who apparently completely fail to realise that one is on one's way to Switzerland—the vibrant instructions to the taxi-man to drive like mad—the arrival, heart in mouth, an hour before the train is due to come into the platform. The obvious fact that the people going out this year are rather a curious lot—that fearfully tough-looking collection wearing ski-ing clothes. The hearty greeting of the fellow who put his ski stick through one's boot last year—the last-minute arrival of a horribly noisy party shouting Achtung. The rather marvellous thrill when the train pulls out and you see that it is raining as you cross the Thames.

Packing



Channel-crossing

The Journey—Marine

THE arrival at Dover—the unpleasant fellow who says there is a regular typhoon blowing in the Channel—the thought that a good summer holiday has much to be said for it—the selection of the best place on the Channel steamer—the discovery that there is no best place—all places being too hot or too cold or too draughty or too crowded or just too unstable—the glorious security of

Customs

standing on terra firma again—the man who says less terra much firma—the hair-raising way the French porters handles one's precious skis—the haggard gentleman who rushes up and down asking for a small suitcase with the initial A on it.

The Journey—Continental

THE rather pleasant sensation of settling down in a nice hot French train to eat a nice hot French dinner and then trying to sleep in a nice hot French bunk while the train crashes hot-foot across France. The conclusion about midnight that sleep is absurdly out of the question—the discovery on waking up at six that it still is. The ghastly, grimy, unkempt feeling of the next hour or so—the question as to why on earth people go out

Advertisements

for winter sports at all. The grandeur that is Basle—the glories of a hot bath and one's first helping of black cherry jam—the extraordinary way in which the Swiss manage to remain calm and stolid under such exciting conditions—the frenzy of climbing into the big Swiss train.

First-view Intoxication

The first peep of the mountains in the distance—the joy of sitting in a red-hot train again—the first breath of mountain air as we change into the little railway train. The joyful discovery that the people in the next carriage were friends of a chap we knew the fellow whose cousin was at school with one's sister . . .

Mountain Railway

Winter Sunshine : from the Painting by Veronica Burleigh

Christine, Viscountess Churchill, At Home

Christine, Lady Churchill is the widow of the first Viscount Churchill, and stepmother of the present peer, who succeeded when his father died in 1934. Lady Churchill married the late Lord Churchill in 1927; before that she was Christine Sinclair, daughter of William Sinclair. The late Lord Churchill, who was seventy when he died, was chairman of the G.W.R. and the British Overseas Bank, had been Lord-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria and Edward VIII., Lord Chamberlain at King Edward's Coronation, and Master of the Robes at King George's. His first wife, mother of the present Viscount, is the Earl of Lonsdale's only sister

Photographs by Swaebe

Family Cavalcade in Scotland

Victor and Sarah Spencer

Lady Churchill and her two children live at Langlee House, the typically Scottish country house near Galashiels which had belonged to her husband. Her daughter, Sarah, is five years old. Her son Victor was born after his father's death in 1934. He is heir-presumptive to his half-brother, who is forty-six this year

Langlee House, Galashiels

John Everard

Constance Cummings Makes "Young Madame Conti" Live

"We're sure to see her in a play in London soon. Someone ought to have a good part for a girl with her looks and her grand sense of comedy," said the "Bystander" four months ago about Constance Cummings. That was when she was settling in Chelsea; the someone turned out to be her husband, Benn Levy who, with Hubert Griffith, adapted *Young Madame Conti* from Bruno Franck. The grand sense of comedy turned out to be a grand sense of melodramatic tragedy as well, for Constance Cummings puts into the strange, twisted story of a prostitute in love such intense feeling that at times you feel you can hardly bear it. She's been making films, too, with Gaumont-British—*Seven Sinners* (shown in August) and *The Northern Tramp*. The Chelsea house, by the way, is in Church Street and was built specially for the Benn Levys. *Young Madame Conti* is at the Savoy

Business as Usual During Alterations

Their Last Si

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Photographs

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e old school, householders who like
e new school, flat-takers who like
io and never want to swing a cat.
page, anyhow, Norman Parkinson
drains to modern architecture

Howard Coster, London

Roy Campbell—a Fighting Poet

In the 1933 "Who's Who" Roy Dunnachie Campbell described himself as "razeteur and professional lancer in La Joyeuse Lance"; in 1935 he has become merely "farmer"; in 1937 he is "Ignatius Roy Dunnachie Campbell; rejoneador and horse merchant," with Toledo, Spain, as his address. He actually escaped from Toledo during the siege of the Alcazar, and is now living near Arundel. The robust picturesqueness of his career colours even the potted biographies he has supplied for reference: he was born in Durban thirty-four years ago, joined the South African Infantry when he was fifteen, later tried and failed to get into Oxford, and since then has been "fisherman, editor, poet, bullfighter (both on foot and horseback), 'professor' of equitation, farmer, cowboy—by turns." His recreations, previously "writing poetry, literary criticism, etc.," are now "poetry, horses, cattle, drawing and the guitar." His latest publication, *Mithraic Emblems*, is a book of poems, some of which were inspired by his Civil War experiences; in others he returns to the attack on Bloomsbury and the Leftists of English literature begun in *The Georgiad*, an earlier book of poems. He has written of his major passion in *Bullfighting* and *Taurine Provence*; among his other books are *The Flaming Terrapin*, *The Wayzgoose*, *Broken Record*

Tortoise Turned Turtle

(and Lewis Carroll turned (respectfully) upside down)

"When we were little," said the Mock Turtle, "our schoolmaster was an old Tortoise—we used to call him Turtle—"

"Why did you call him Turtle if he was a Tortoise?" Alice asked.

"Because he never taught us," said the Mock Turtle. "He was always so tired, and each day he got to school a little later."

"You can't have had many lessons," observed Alice.

"That's why they were called lessons," the Gryphon remarked: "because they used to lessen from day to day."

"But after a while," said Alice, "there can't have been time for anything."

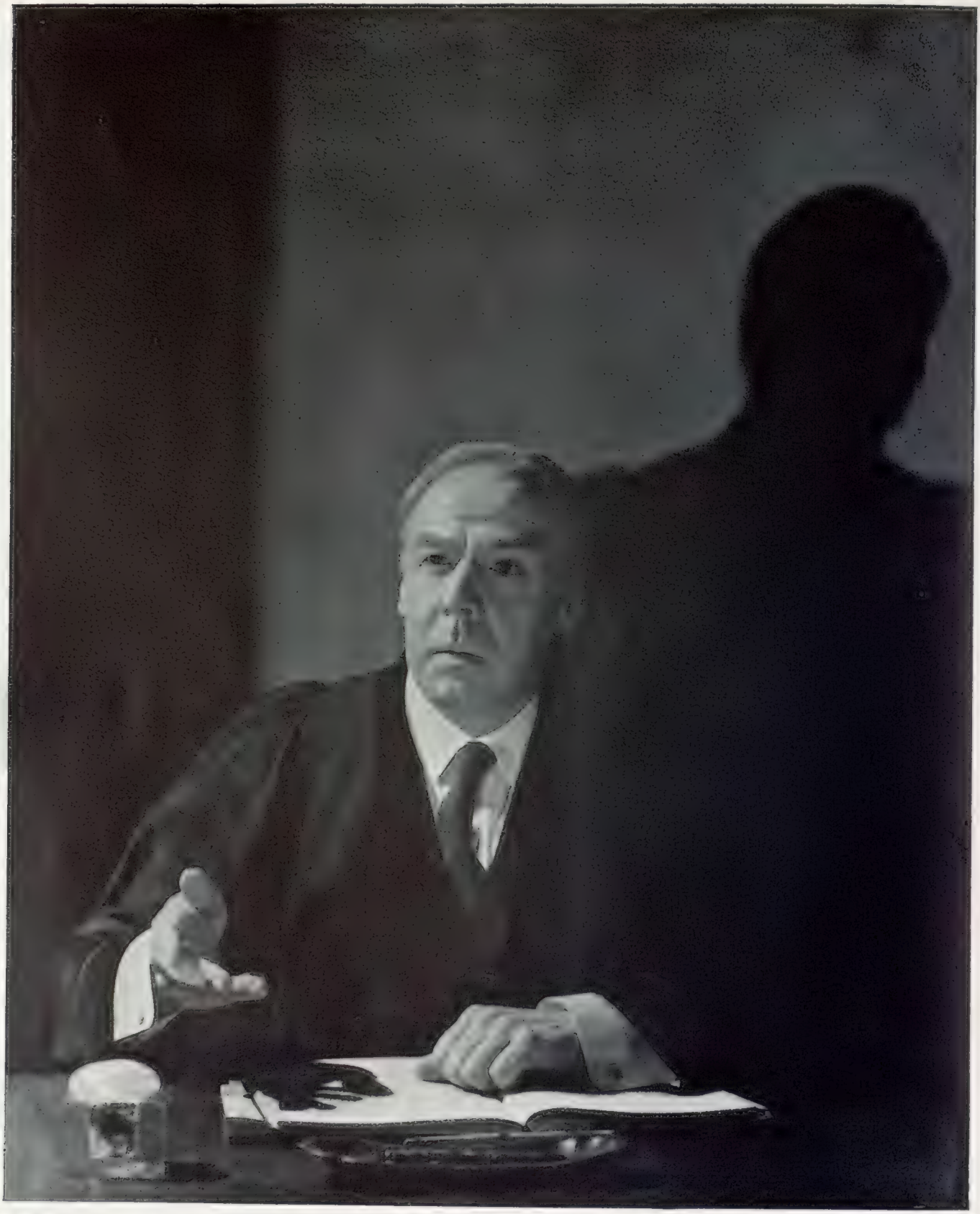
"Oh yes, there was," said the Mock Turtle. "Time for a Guinness. And Guinness has made him so energetic that now he gets to school yesterday afternoon."

"Hasn't he retired yet?" asked Alice.

"Of course not!" replied the Mock Turtle. "Thanks to Guinness, he never will re-tire!"

Have a glass of Guinness when you're tired

G.E.572.



Anthony

Frederick Leister: a Masterly Housemaster

The Housemaster, at the Apollo, is adapted by the author from his book of the same name; it is Ian Hay at his best. And Frederick Leister is at his best as the affable, loveable and sometimes gullible Housemaster ("The Moke") who triumphs over a nasty Head. Don't expect a string of wisecracks, a Cowardly turn of phrase or a plot with a bite; the play and the acting succeed because of their healthy, almost naïve appeal. Mr. Leister is fifty and his fine lead in *The Housemaster* comes in apt succession to a series of solid, gentlemanly parts (Dr. Masters in *The Green Hat*, Dr. Roberts in *The Soldier and the Gentlewoman*, Dr. Parsons in *Dark Victory*, Rev. Mr. Duke in *Outward Bound*, Rev. John Pryce in *The Scarlet Lady*), with excursions into aristocracy or royalty (Marquess of Rockingham in *Under Two Flags*, Prince Rudolph in *A Night of Temptation*, Duke of Marlborough in *Viceroy Sarah*, Archduke Theodore in *Evensong* and, of course, Emperor Franz Joseph in *White Horse Inn*). He was Sir Arthur Tuttington in New York's *Libel* last year. In private life he's a Soccer fan (thinks they would have played Soccer at "Marbledown"), once played right half for Newcastle United ("but that was a long time ago"), and follows the Arsenal matches. He was a gunner in the war, has lived in Campden Hill Road for sixteen years and married Dora Luther, a direct descendant of Martin of that name

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Armament king and royal busybody: Frederick Lloyd

"O Mistress Mine" (St. James's)

WHEN Gertrude Lawrence lost her temper and smashed a gramophone record over Noel Coward's head, she created an agreeable sensation that is still talked about in the more fashionable mewses with bated breath. The fact that it was Miss Lawrence's very own temper, the fact, even more, that it was Mr. Coward's very own head, set the stalls purring with pleasure. Here, too, was something new. Never had this been done on the stage before. And never, if comparisons are odious, should it have been done again.

Ben Travers, however, boldly repeats the episode in *O Mistress Mine* at the St. James's—with inevitably diminished effect. Whatever the comparative glamour of Gertrude Lawrence and Yvonne Printemps, there can be no doubt that to a London public the head of Pierre Fresnay seems far less sacrosanct than the head of Noel Coward; while as for the record, we rather suspect on this occasion that it was a bit scratched already. As compensation, however, for this broken music, Yvonne Printemps sings to us as no one else can sing. Which is a joy so rare that we could wish *O Mistress Mine* were, as the title suggests, a song from start to finish.

IF Mr. Travers has written the sort of play Mr. Coward writes, he has not written it with the sort of pen Mr. Coward uses. It is a blunt nib rather than a sharp one that he dips as he pursues his story of revolution in Ardenburg, of the plight of the queen, of the handsome but unroyal stranger who conveys her across the frontier and secretes her in his own Mayfair flat—secretes her not too successfully since, after sending him out to buy the pretty clothes gentlemen customarily buy ladies in Frenchified farces, she pipes up in her bath, to the dismay of the visitors in the room adjacent.

Baths and déshabille are unhappily the undoing of Mr. Travers in this well-intended soufflé. His jokes are too broad for the fine limits imposed by the general atmosphere. He brings a touch of the smoking-room into the boudoir, taking rough advantage of situations which only literary breeding could save from disaster. He does not, in short, quite know his place, with the consequence that the sally which should delight us again and again serves only to create distress.

IN short, he is not a Sacha Guitry, and a Sacha Guitry is what we still miss when Mlle. Printemps pays us a visit. Not only a Sacha Guitry to write her plays instead of Mr. Travers, not only a Sacha Guitry to act opposite to her instead of M. Fresnay, but, above all, a Sacha Guitry to produce her instead of Mr. Mollison. For the final touch of finish we missed in *Conversation Piece* we miss again in *O Mistress Mine*.

But when she sings—ah, then we are in paradise. If she has been a made actress, she is a-born singer with a divine instinct for modulation that would melt a stone. There was once a musical piece which A. P. Herbert was said to be writing for her, and C. B. Cochran was said to be presenting. What has become of it? Is it still on the stocks? Time flies, and lovers of art have a right to be impatient when fruit hangs out of reach.

Le roi s'amuse: Austin Trevor

"Go on—kiss it!" Instruction in Court etiquette: Yvonne Printemps, S. J. Warmington, Pierre Fresnay

Sketches by Rouson

Chosen by a Ballot of Paris Couturiers as "The Best Dressed

1st: Mrs. Harrison Williams

2nd: Mrs. Reginald Fellowes

4th: Begum Aga Khan

7th: Baronin Gisela von Krieger

First place. *Mrs. Harrison Williams, silver-haired, green-eyed, New York hostess, centre of artily social whirlpool in the States, was nominated "Best Dresser Number One." She affects picturesque simplicity, has her jewels reset annually and plays up to her magnificently "femme fatale" looks, so regularly sketched by Cecil Beaton and the rest*

Second place. *The Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, daughter of the late Duc Décazes et Glucksbierg and his Singer wife, has dominated Paris society by her brains even more than her startling chic for a good many years. A grandmother, she looks amazingly young, and is undoubtedly the most amazing "Daisy" in the world. Her husband is Lord de Ramsey's brother, and her first husband was Prince Jean de Broglie. She lent her yacht to the King when he was her Riviera neighbour last year*

* ***Third place.*** *Señora Martinez de Hoz.*

Fourth place. *The beautiful Begum Aga Khan was high on the list, and rightly—her dress sense is exceptional and typically French in its absence of fussiness and attention to clear-cut lines. The Begum's favourite colour is white. Her name is Andrée. Her husband, the Aga, and son, little Prince Sadri, vote her the ideal wife and mother. She hails from Aix-les-Bains*

* ***Fifth place.*** *Baroness Eugene de Rothschild.*

Sixth place. *The Hon. Mrs. Richard Norton was one of the three British subjects who got in the first ten, the others being Mrs. Fellowes and the Duchess of Leeds*

** No up-to-date photograph available*

who are both foreigners by birth, so her success is welcome. Slender, boyish and curly-haired, she will be one of the prettiest "deb's mothers" in 1938. Mrs. Norton is the future Lady Grantley and the elder of Gen. Sir David Kinloch's fashionable daughters

Seventh place. *A newcomer to the ranks of fashion leaders is Baronin Gisela von Krieger, a beautiful blonde Prussian in the early 'twenties, who spends a good deal of time in London and at fashionable resorts. Her complexion is dazzling and her red gold hair real. She likes very tailored, rather sporting clothes by day, and at night jewels with satin*

* ***Eighth place.*** *Princess Charles Murat.*

Ninth place. *The Duchess of Leeds, the only selected peeress, is exquisitely "soignée" on all occasions, whether ski-ing in white plus fours, or night-clubbing in white crêpe and diamonds. She is Jugo-Slavian and was Mlle. Irma de Malkharzouny before her marriage to the eleventh Duke of Leeds in 1933. They are a very devoted couple, spend part of the year in Paris, and were recently over in New York. His heir is Mr. Francis Godolphin Osborne, British Minister to the Vatican*

Tenth place. *Mrs. Ronald Balcom who looks so like her cousin, Mrs. Cartwright, is better remembered as Millicent Rogers, the handsome American oil heiress. She married for the third time this year, was before that the wife of Count "Ludi" von Salm-Hoogstraeten and of Senor Arturo Ramos. Has built a humble little house at St. Anton-am-Arlberg. Tall and superbly built, she looks her best in sports things*

Women in the World"

6t Mrs. Richard Norton

R :
9 : the Duchess of Leeds

10th: Mrs. Ronald Balcom

The Four "Runners-Up"

Marlene Dietrich

Though Marlene Dietrich did not get into the first ten, she was favourably mentioned, and as Paris does not always take a kindly view of Hollywood "confections," this must have gratified Dietrich and her advisers. Now that she is working in London her clothes are designed in Paris. Marlene and Baronin von Krieger were the only Germans chosen

The Countess of Warwick

The Countess of Warwick also got an honourable mention though she was unplaced. Paris approves her trim young style, the gay colours she chooses and the effortless way in which she turns up "everywhere" at the right time and in the right clothes. Lady Warwick is now living quietly in England, and mostly in the country, with her two-year-old son. Lord Brooke

Mrs. Byron Foy

Mrs. Byron Foy, daughter of Walter Chrysler, the American automobile magnate, is a newcomer to the first flight of fashion in Europe, but has been starred in her native land since her debut. She changes her hair dressing every three months, wears cobweb stockings on all occasions, and looks her best in tropical colours and artificial backgrounds, such as Cannes and Palm Beach. She is a fair-skinned brunette

Lady Mendl

Her friends were surprised that Lady Mendl did not win through to the first ten, but delighted to see her "honourably mentioned." At seventy or so, Lady Mendl is a remarkable personality, live, original and unexpected. Sometimes her hair is white, sometimes green or blue. First won fame as Elsie de Wolfe, successful house decorator, then married Sir Charles Mendl, Press Attaché at the British Embassy in Paris

Films of the Day

Sabotage, Lethal and Musical : By George Campbell

ALFRED HITCHCOCK has his faults, but amongst his many admirable qualities is this: He has style. Ninety-nine pictures out of a hundred might have been made by anybody. But not Hitchcock's. His work is as unmistakable as Alexander Korda's, or Lubitsch's or René Clair's. His range, in atmosphere and characterisation and theme, is not very wide, but in his own field he is supreme. His setting is London, his characters are the Cockneys he has studied with such a shrewd and penetrating eye, his theme is the capacity for deeds of darkness and of horror that lie beneath the commonplaces of London life. In a sense, his approach is Stevenson's. He, and not an American to whom the whole thing is alien, should have made *The Suicide Club*. He would revel, too, in a character like Huish, the little Cockney in *The Ebb Tide*, or Somerset Maugham's Captain Nicholls.

HITCHCOCK'S gift of the macabre gives point and distinction to his latest (and in many ways best) picture, *Sabotage*. Its very excellence and integrity may go against it at the box-office. In thrillers like *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, the director was content to throw together a number of situations, exciting but loosely knit. The fact that the plot could only be kept going by ignoring the obvious, and making everybody behave like an idiot, worried him not at all. Nor, apparently, did it worry the public.

Sabotage makes fewer compromises with truth. The story is grim, the main situation—where a boy is asked to deliver an infernal machine at an underground station, is delayed en route, and blown to smithereens with the rest of the passengers on the bus—is carried through to its logical, horrifying end. The suspense all through this sequence is quite painful, heightened as it is by every trick that a master technician could devise to engage sympathy for the victim and make you agonisingly aware of the passing of the minutes.

This, though the climax, is only one of a dozen situations charged with menace and smiling horror. I particularly liked the scene in the shop where the bird dealer, plump and suave, turns from a polite dispute over a canary to a cupboard full of the instruments of death. Dramatic, too, is the moment when Sylvia Sidney rebels against the husband who can send a boy to his death, even unintentionally, and still complain that the cook had forgotten how he likes his potatoes done. The dragging in of the bomb-maker at this point, trying to stop the tragedy long after he knows that the thing must have exploded, even if the evening papers did not inform him, is a return to the earlier and naughtier Hitchcock; but this is a small blemish on a thriller that thrills.

THE acting is always competent, in places even brilliant. Oscar Homolka made a tremendous hit as Oom Paul Kruger in *Rhodes*. Here he is equally effective. He is no mere monster, killing for cruelty's sake. He makes you understand the saboteur, vaguely idealistic, yet selfishly interested in the rewards of wrecking, fond of his family and unwilling to shed blood himself, yet willing to profit by the crimes of others more consistent and more ruthless. Before he dies, you are almost sorry for the fellow. Sylvia Sidney, none too flatteringly photographed in places, is sincere and strong as his suffering wife and Desmond Tester, who scored so heavily as Edward VI. in *Tudor Rose*, plays her brother so expertly that he just about steals the picture.

"LAND WITHOUT MUSIC," so I am informed by a scholarly publicity department, is founded on history It seems that a little Italian state about the beginning of last century was so infested with musicians that nobody would work. Anyway, that's the way it is in the picture. To prevent complete bankruptcy, the duchess (Diana Napier) bans music altogether. But it's easier decreed than done. The instinct to sing and scrape and blow on brass instruments is deeply rooted, as everybody with a bathroom knows. Beggars, when one tin whistle is confiscated, produce another; the chief of police himself is an enthusiastic conductor; and the rebellion is brought to a head when the country's tenor and hero (Mr. Tauber) returns and sings to the populace in a cave, with Jimmy Durante as his aide.

THE plot is no great matter, however: the main thing is Tauber, and as we hear plenty of him, in some charming new melodies by Oscar Strauss, I see no reason why this film should not be at least as popular as *Blossom Time*. Incidentally, he seems to have lost several stone, which is photographically all to the good, and does no harm to the larynx. Miss Napier is not called upon to do much more than look ornamental; June Clyde, by sheer cuteness, puts herself over as a comic ingénue; and Derrick de Marney, without having any real opportunities to act, succeeded in convincing me that he could act very well if he had a chance.

Last, but by no means least, there is Jimmy Durante. One of the finest natural clowns in the world, Mr. Durante has only to bustle forward, aggressive of nose and elbow, to prepare most of us for laughter. In *Land Without Music* he helps enormously to make lively entertainment of what, without him, might have been delightful musically, but cinematically just a star-vehicle.

"*Sabotage*"

In Alfred Hitchcock's new thriller Oscar Homolka offers us another fine piece of acting, making a comprehensible four-dimensional person of Verloc, the wrecker. Sylvia Sidney has a moderate opportunity as his wife but gives, as she always does, a sincere, convincing performance. John Loder and Desmond Tester are also in the film, which is an adaptation of Joseph Conrad's novel, and is now at the Tivoli

The hostess, Miss Rose Taylor, had a large bouquet of real flowers but Lady Drogheda, who examined them, had hers printed on her dress. On the right are Mr. Voules and Mrs. Amy Mollison

Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Gunnis watched the mannequin parade at the Rose Taylor party together: Mrs. Gunnis, tall, dark and decorative, is a daughter of the late Archibald Morrison, of Basildon Park

A Party in a Shop

Miss Rose Taylor gave a shop-warming party in Grosvenor Street to start her venture into the dress business; if the business goes like the party, it should flourish. There was supper, with an oyster bar; there was cabaret, with the Shim Sham band and Garland Wilson; there was a short mannequin parade to remind the guests what it was all about. 60, Grosvenor Street is the address

Miss Averil Loyd and Mrs. Essex Drury talked to Lord Plunket in a corner of the shop. Averil Loyd was one of her year's (1935) most attractive debs: Mrs. Ralph Stobart's daughter

Mr. Chris Mackintosh held a glass of lager in two hands and Mrs. "Patsy" Richardson in conversation. He is the winter sports expert who married the Duke of Hamilton's elder daughter

The front view is of Mrs. Anthony Eden, the side view of Miss Auriol Harbord, Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. Harbord's daughter, whose engagement to John Morant, Lady Kathleen Hare's only son, was announced early this year

Sir Anthony Doughty-Tichborne brought his attractive young wife (who was Antonia Snagge) to Rose Taylor's party in a shop: a pair of young-marrieds who are both known as Tony

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

The Duke Bought It

YOUNG marrieds are rallying nobly in the cause of charity and good works, and their balls and pay-parties are much more hilarious functions than the staider efforts of their elders.

The pay-party organised by Lady Anne Hunloke and an influential committee of her friends at the Savoy on Wednesday night, was an enormous success.

The Duke of Marlborough bought the auctioned dress, and Mr. Nelson Keys went round with a plate and collected over £50.

Lady Anne herself, hampered by illness during the weeks of tiring organising, must be heartily congratulated on getting up a party that went with a swing from beginning to end, and that seemed like a private entertainment.

She wore a striking dress of dark-blue velvet and taffetas-striped material, and was disappointed that her sister-in-law, Lady Charles Cavendish, was prevented by illness from fulfilling her rôle as one of the hostesses.

A Very Young Married

IN a room where you know about five hundred people by sight, it is difficult afterwards to remember even a few names.

We can tell you, however, that Mrs. de Winton Wills brought a party and wore a little bluish lamé coat over a hydrangea-blue dress, that Mrs. Charles Sweeny, who came with her, looked lovely in a black lace dress and long ermine wrap, that Lady Long, also in black, looked extraordinarily attractive. Miss Diana Mainwaring in a white dress embroidered with field flowers, was dancing with Mr. Roger Harvey.

The youngest-looking married man we have ever seen, Mr. Tommy Phipps, was in a party with his cousin, the Hon. "Bill" Astor, and a pretty brunette in a black dress. Young Mrs. Laycock, in a high-necked tunic of gold lamé, made one of her rare appearances in London, and still looks like a very young girl not quite "out."

Tickets for Late Sleepers

HAMPSTEAD is a far cry for the world's workers to go for a snack lunch, but more than worth-while when you eat it in the charming old-fashioned house owned by the Geoffrey Toyes.

We sat at small tables and helped ourselves from a long buffet table to delicious things like kedgeree and corn-beef hash.

The Douglas Fairbanks arrived late, "they don't know about time," and dallied in the garden to play with Geoffrey Toye Junior, who, parked in his pram, was labelled "Please do not disturb." (One of those hotel tickets issued to late sleepers.)

A Blonde Edition

THERE were so many people who might have been the guest of honour that it is impossible to tell you who the party was given for. We hazard a guess that it was just the Toyes' nice hospitality. There were Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Wyman; he is a famous producer in New York, and they are both charming and so attractive.

Our favourite girl, friend, and film-star (yes, all three), Merle Oberon, gay, simple and unspoilt; Brian Aherne, that very good-looking film-star, who is a blonde edition of Sir Michael Assheton-Smith, and who was only over here for a week or less, alas; and Lady Plunket, in a lovely fur-trimmed purple coat.

Other guests were the Hon. Charles Baillie Hamilton and Mr. Toby Milbanke, who raced, respectively, back to

(Concluded on page 450)

Home From Canada

On the Queen Mary were Viscount Cobham and his eldest daughter, the Hon. Viola Lyttelton. Lord Cobham was one of the judges at the Toronto Show, in which the British Army team, fresh from American triumphs, competed

Major and Mrs. Carlos Clarke

Mr. John and Lady Cecilia Smiley

Major Carlos Clarke married Comtesse de Pret Roose at the Chelsea register office. She was Betty Garland before her first marriage. She was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham and Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Heber-Percy, her sisters and brothers-in-law, Major Clarke by his son and daughter

John Smiley married Lady Cecilia Wellesley, Clare, Countess Cowley's nineteen-year-old daughter, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, the day after the last-minute cancellation of their wedding. He is the elder of Sir Hugh Smiley's two brothers

Old and Mellow

BY APPOINTMENT

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The **ONLY** *Matured Gin . . .*
the **ONLY** *Gin with the Blue Seal of the Institute of Hygiene*

BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES LIMITED, LONDON, E.C.

Dorland

Going Out to Goings-On

(Continued from page 448)

an office in the City and a cigar emporium in Hanover Square.

Mrs. Mary Booker, whom we have not seen about much of late, wore a three-quarter length coat of cigar-brown ermine, and hid her lovely grey curls under a striped turban.

A Swarm of Police

Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Barron made good use of an eminently suitable room at the Coq d'Or when they gave a cocktail-party there the other day.

The hostess and her daughter, Millicent, who ought to be sisters, and not mother and daughter—if we have said this before, we repeat it with emphasis—dressed respectively in a black dress spotted with gold, and a tunic of flame and gold brocade over a black skirt. Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten were among the guests, and we liked her black coat with silver-fox sleeves, and high-crowned black toque with a tuft of silver fox on the highest side.

Mrs. Sweeny, senior, told us she had difficulty in getting in or out of her house in Regent's Park, because of the swarm of police, detectives and camera-men that surrounded the nearby mansion of the most talked-of woman in the world to-day.

Outward and Visible Sign

Windows, from the outside, give one a very good impression of the house itself, and the owner that lives inside.

In Chesterfield Street, the draped and frilly curtains of pink net that adorn Mrs. Robert Van den Bergh's windows are certainly an outward and visible sign of her own gay and cheerful personality.

When we passed the other day, we saw the tail-end of one of her enjoyable luncheon-parties emerging; Lady Margaret Drummond Hay, who, reasonably enough, is a "Hay dieter"; Mr. Anthony Ireland, the villain in the best thriller you can wish to see, *Hell for Leather* (there *is* a good play); and Mr. Peter Stewart, living up to his kind and thoughtful reputation by sending books, flowers and a small pillow to Lady Moira Combe, who left her appendix at Lady Carnarvon's recently. It 's still a fashionable complaint, and Lady Veronica, we hear, was seriously ill, but has happily recovered and been allowed to leave the nursing-home.

Mr. Williamson and Miss Lambton

William Williamson, son of the late Frederick Charles Williamson and Mrs. Williamson, and Diana Lambton were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on the day of abdication; the bride is the only daughter of Brig.-Gen. the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Lambton, of Mortimer, Berkshire

That Beetroot Lipstick

The cocktail-party that the newly-married Carlos Clarkes gave at the Ritz after their wedding, was a gay and most enjoyable affair.

The bride's dark-blue velvet suit trimmed with pale natural blue fox was charming, and her newly acquired step-daughter, Miss Diana Carlos Clarke, was certainly the prettiest girl in the room. We are not quite sure whether we like that beetroot lipstick that she and many of the younger beauties affect, but in her case it cannot take away from the perfection of her features.

Mrs. Lionel Neame, a very recent bride, wore an ultra-simple little black suit, another wearer of all black being the lovely Mrs. Murray Smith.

It was a very "Meltonish" gathering, limping men with bandaged arms keeping up the traditions of a famous hunting county, to which both bride and bridegroom belong.

MISS PEEPS

Three Candidates for the L.C.C. Elections Next March

The Hon. John Fox-Strangways is fighting North Kensington, now held by Sir Cecil Levita, who is retiring. He is twenty-eight, educated at Eton and "the House," has worked for three years in a New York office, is Lord and Lady Ilchester's younger son

Miss Joan Vickers is standing for Norwood. She is twenty-nine, has had considerable local government experience, is a member of the Islington and Finsbury Housing Committee. She is a member of the great armaments family

Viscount Curzon has South Battersea as his battle-ground. He is twenty-eight, educated at Eton and Christ's, Cambridge, is Earl Howe's only son, married Patricia Weigall, Sir Archibald Weigall's daughter, last year

I.21a.

Dick ? Yes !
Kitty ? Yes !
Chris ? Yes !
Diana ? Yes !
thank goodness
that's the lot ! . . .

exhaustedly
you sink
into a chair
whilst
the kind commissionaire
calls
your car . . .

how you revel
in
that cigarette
which
so perfectly completes
your feeling of
relief
and
relaxation.

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Control of Crowds

THE control of spectators at golf championships and other golfing events of importance is a most difficult matter, which tends to become more so year by year. I cannot think of any other game where the spectators are allowed on the field of play, and therefore where their control is so extraordinarily difficult. At cricket and football, although the spectators are kept behind ropes or barriers round the field of play, there have been numerous occasions when spectators, nursing an imaginary grievance, have invaded the field of play and stopped the progress of the game being played. These types of spectators at cricket matches usually desire play to be resumed when the ground is palpably unfit for play, and in football matches to strike the referee or visiting players, with a distinct preference for the referee.

AT both the Open and Amateur Championships this year the conduct of spectators did, without question, affect play but, as far as I know, not to any serious extent. The method of controlling the spectators at St. Andrews was as near efficient as could reasonably be expected. St. Andrews followed the example of the Jockey Club, and this year employed stipendiary stewards, who were clad in long white coats like cricket umpires. These stewards were stationed in strategical positions all over the course, and remained in one particular spot. There were at least three stationary stewards at each hole: one on the tee, who did not allow the players to drive unless the hole was clear; one about the place where a good tee shot should finish, who signalled to the steward on the tee when the hole was clear, and also acted as a fore-caddy; and a third in charge of the green. Of course, in addition to these stationary stewards, there were stewards who followed matches which attracted large galleries. The employment of three stationary stewards certainly helped the players, and did not prolong the round any more than usual. It is without question preferable for players to have a long wait on the tee than a wait before playing each shot.

THE biggest improvement of late years in crowd control at St. Andrews is not allowing any spectators on certain portions of the course. Nowadays, the first and eighteenth holes are kept clear of spectators, and also the loop from short of the seventh green to the eleventh green, and, of course, the road at the back of the seventeenth green. It is extraordinary to me that spectators were not prohibited years ago from standing at the back of the seventeenth green, as there was never a championship played at St. Andrews without someone being hit in this place, and, as a rule, the ball rebounded on to the green, when it should have finished in dire trouble in the road.

I HOPE that the day is not far distant when we shall see at golf matches, as at cricket and football matches, the spectators kept off the field of play. I am sure this is desirable, and that, if it is done, a far larger proportion of onlookers will see the play and that all the onlookers will have a more comfortable time than they do at present.

Thoughtless spectators not only interfere with the play, but also do a considerable amount of damage to the course by walking through bunkers and up their faces, by disturbing the sand on dunes near the green, etc. Once the sand on dunes is disturbed, it is a difficult and expensive matter to consolidate it again, and it is blown on to adjacent portions of the course with disastrous effects on the grass. Also, the tramping of thousands of feet makes the course considerably faster and treads down the long grass at the sides of the holes and consequently changes to a considerable extent the playing value of many holes.

IT is clear from these and other reasons that it is desirable to keep spectators off the field of play at golf, as at other games. If you go to a golf meeting and want to see a particular golfer play, you can do so in comfort by watching him when he is practising. Do not expect that you will be able to note his grip, stance, etc., when he is playing before a large gallery.

Then and Now

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

SOMETHING has happened since I last wrote you which is going to make quite a big difference to a great many golfers. That is the retirement of Miss Mabel Stringer from the secretaryship of the Parliamentary L.G.A. and from the presidency of the Veterans' L.G.A. It is merely conventional to say that all the members of both will miss her, and something much more than that ought to be said; the Parliamentary said it with a presentation that was really worth while, not only a barometer-cum-clock-cum-thermometer-cum-almanack, but a cheque on which we may expect to see Miss Stringer going round the world or doing one of those other lovely things for which she has not had leisure so far.

NOBODY ever deserved it better, for she not only founded the P.L.G.A.—after all, the majority of the Associations owe their being to her—but tended a plant which was a trifle weakly then until it grew into its present position as one of the most flourishing of all her enterprises. The P.L.G.A. was started twenty-six years ago, so that Miss Beryl Harvey, who steps into Miss Stringer's shoes, finds a full-grown product, and has only—if the metaphor were not becoming so mixed—to build on the sound foundations. (I hasten to add that Miss Harvey is not deserting the BYSTANDER and all its works, which would indeed be a calamity, but will combine the two, and still be found behind the sweep-table at Northern and Scottish, befriending girls at the Girls', and making herself generally useful and popular everywhere.)

MISS STRINGER has had a long and distinguished career amongst the golfers, dating from the second championship at her home course of Littlestone, in which she reached the round before the semi-final, and going through the whole gamut of play and work for the game, lending helping hands innumerable to all and sundry. Nobody ought to forget that it was she, in the old days of the *Gentlewoman*, of which she was golf editor, who first thought of a Girls' Championship, got it going at Stoke Poges, and carried on for a number of years. You and I, BYSTANDER, owe a lot to Miss Stringer. Especially I, for it was, in fact, she who first said to me: "Why don't you take up golfing journalism?" at a time when my chief idea was becoming a better golfer than I was.

But this is no place to grow reminiscent: Miss Stringer has done that once and for all in *My Golfing Reminiscences*, a unique book which no doubt you have read. The photographs alone are worth anything to see.

As for the Veterans, I cannot feel that the annual dinner of that gallant body will ever be complete without Miss Stringer. Nor, I suppose, will she any longer fill the presidential chair at it, but where would the speeches be without "Auntie Mabel's" to bring down the house? The answer is quite surely "nowhere."

TALKING of wheres and whens, the L.G.U. have just announced the date and place of the Great Britain v. France match—Friday, May 28th, at West Sussex Golf Club, Pulborough. This will be an entirely delightful venue, of that there is no possible doubt whatever, for it has an atmosphere and a way of giving visitors a welcome which is all its own, quite apart from the extremely high quality of the course as a test of golf. And the scenery, too. Sussex is good at any time; the end of May ought to see it at something like its best.

But the date has meant a change for BYSTANDER One-Day Spring Medal Foursomes at Wentworth, and for that club's own Scratch Knock-out Foursomes which are to immediately follow these in 1937. The best couples cannot possibly play Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday at Wentworth and be in truly international form at Pulborough on Friday. So instead of Monday, 24th, as already announced, BYSTANDER One-Day Spring Medal Foursomes will take place at Wentworth on Monday, May 3rd, and Wentworth's own foursomes, 4th, 5th, and 6th. A grand chance for British pairs to get going together, and we may well see some amazing scoring, with resultant confidence which ought to stand them in good stead at Pulborough. France ran us very close this year, and such a thing will not be allowed to happen again if forethought can prevent it.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

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Vertige
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PARFUMS DE LUXE
21/-
and
35/-

Howard Marshall on Rugger

Postscript to the Varsity Match

HERE is a postscript to the Varsity match, and, alas! a postmortem on Oxford's hopes. I do not begrudge Cambridge their victory by that single point, the bare margin of two tries to a goal, but I do regret a lack of versatility in the Oxford attack which wasted so many opportunities.

BUT first a salute to the victors, and we are here presented with a paradox. For three parts of a desperate game, Cambridge were defending grimly, with Oxford storming away some ten yards from their line. Cambridge, in fact, had their backs to the wall, and yet, from first kick to last, they looked incomparably the better side. They made me feel, at any rate, that on a dry day they would have taken fifteen or twenty points off Oxford with the greatest of ease.

This was odd, because the weather might have been specially ordered by the Oxford Committee, backed by Lord Nuffield. Rain fell persistently, the Twickenham ground surface was an odd mixture of slipperiness and heavy going, and the ball was like a cake of wet soap.

In such conditions, Oxford should have won handsomely, if only because their pack had specialised in the sort of tactics particularly suited to such a soaker of a day.

IT is astounding, to my way of thinking, that Oxford did not once wheel the scrummage. Not once, and I was frankly flabbergasted. Oxford heeled, and Grieve kicked, and that was the end of it. No variety, no design, no evidence of a flexible scheme with which to counteract any possible Cambridge attack.

I had expected a good deal from Oxford tactically, let me admit, but the cupboard was unfortunately bare. Do not imagine that I fail to appreciate the tremendous work of the Oxford forwards in the loose, and the grand defence of the Oxford midfield players, and Freakes' superb display at full-back. What disappointed us was the poverty of ideas, for even the tactical kicking by Grieve was stereotyped and insufficiently varied. The unhappy Downes, the Cambridge full-back, started badly, and Oxford should have played on him. They kicked too wide however, and gradually Downes regained his confidence and ended in a blaze of glory.

But there, from an Oxford point of view the milk is spilt, and the happiest way of retrieving the situation is to offer up thanks for a glorious match. It was that, whatever the weather may have attempted, and in that dank, dripping melancholy mist, both sides battered away like heroes.

AND how about that great try by MacDonald, the Cambridge left wing? Should Freakes have stopped him? And was it not bitterly ironical that the only apparent mistake which Freakes made cost Oxford the match?

I think myself that if Freakes had gone into the tackle a split second sooner he would have stopped MacDonald. As it was, Freakes was driving his man so cleverly and so surely towards the touch line that there seemed no need to hurry. MacDonald was blocked either way. If he swung inwards he would run bang into Freakes. If he swerved outwards, the touch-line was only a yard away. Freakes had his man in his pocket—or so it appeared to the onlooker. And then MacDonald stopped dead, the one totally unexpected thing he could have done. It foxed poor Freakes completely, threw him on the wrong foot, and allowed MacDonald to sprint again and race clear away to score. A grand try, and we should surely absolve Freakes from blame. Almost in the nursery we were taught by our nurses that the wing three-quarter, running clear, should beat the unsupported full-back every time, and MacDonald merely proved the adage true. Freakes, indeed, was magnificent—but for that one moment I have never seen a full-back play better in the Varsity match.

IF Oxford were content to rush and kick, Cambridge were always trying experiments. They attempted the scissors movement; they ran with the ball; they kicked cleverly. And their midfield players made the Oxford attack look like tuppence ha'penny.

What a grand defensive centre W. H. Roden is, to be sure! And with proper chances I do not doubt he would prove himself in attack. As it was, he brilliantly made the opening for Cambridge's first try, and unless I am much mistaken, he will have been chosen for the second England trial match at Bristol. More than one person has said to me that Roden looks like a dark edition of W. Wooller, but beyond his size and strength and stride, I do not see that the comparison is accurate. Roden is very much himself, and we shall hear more of him.

How about these Cambridge halfbacks, now? Isn't Low a fine player? And didn't Kemp at stand-off half surprise you by his maturity and general excellence? There is certainly nothing wild in the suggestion that these two youngsters might play for England, and I daresay they also are booked for a trial at least. Then there were forwards about—plenty of them—and my own feeling is that, all considered, the standard of play was extremely high.

IF only Oxford had worked out a plan and stuck to it! Perhaps they did; but it was the wrong plan, and they stuck to it too persistently. In the meanwhile, one must cheer for Cambridge, and a special roar of applause for C. D. Laborde, whose intelligent leadership built up this Cambridge triumph.

J. A. MacDonald (Blundell's and Clare)

Playing at left wing for Cambridge, he scored the second (winning) try for the Light Blues by picking up the ball from a brokendown Oxford movement and baffling Freakes in a touch-line duel

Cambridge Beat Oxford by a Point at Twickenham

The customary vast vociferous crowd watched the Varsity match at Twickenham when Cambridge beat Oxford by two tries to a goal. Continuous lifeless rain made the scene above typical of the game—lively spoiling and counterspoiling by powerful packs

This England . . .

Welford-on-Avon, Glos.

WHEATEN straw or good Norfolk reed, layered thick and bound with many a cunning turn, makes a roof well-suited to our changeful climate. Thatch indeed has sheltered the breed in its rise to grandeur. And with its simple ingenuity, its coolness in summer and effective warmth in winter, it is typical of the slow-spun wisdom of our fathers. Beer, for instance, they evolved as needful to men who used their bodies healthily and hard—men of clear heads and steady hands. One of the grandest beers they brewed, you know and drink today as Worthington. And that, too, is cooling in summer, warming in winter . . .

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The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Chronicles of a Surgeon : By Alan Thomas

"THE writing centre is not in the angular gyrus, it 's in the gastric mucosa." This intriguing observation (I am already in touch with my medical adviser on the subject) is taken from Dr. Harvey Cushing's book, *From a Surgeon's Journal* (Constable ; 18*s.*). It is a monumental work in more senses than one. First, it is a monument —and a very fine one—to the courage and devotion of "the surgeons and nurses who fought for life in the hospitals behind the lines, taxing their skill and their pity to repair what the guns had done." Second, it is a monument of industry on the part of the Diarist. Here is a man whose time was constantly in demand, who was called upon at no matter what hour of the day or night to practise his art upon the sick and wounded, who, during offensives, was operating for sixteen hours at a stretch, and yet who found the time and energy to keep a journal running into a million words and to-day filling nine bound volumes in his library. It 's as difficult to understand how he did it as it is to understand how Lord Haig managed to keep *his* diary. The present volume, containing over five hundred pages, has been culled from the original journal and represents—as the editor truly says—"material of lasting interest to physicians, veterans and the discriminating reader."

A third reason why this book is important lies in the addition it makes to our knowledge of war, its heroism no less than its suffering. So far as it can be given to one man to do so, a doctor on active service sees the picture whole. And when that doctor happens to be a famous brain surgeon (a man whose name is a household word in the medical profession), has served with the British Army as well as with the American Expeditionary Force, and is also endowed with the gift of setting down what he sees and thinks simply yet shrewdly and often with dry humour, the result is indeed a contribution to life and literature.

Many of the entries are of purely medical interest, but they in no way interfere with the enjoyment of the book for the lay reader. And apart from the substance of the entries, no little part of their interest lies in the insight they give us into the character of the Diarist himself—a man of immense energy, who clearly has "a way" with him and who at the same time is a sticker at getting what he wants.

For one who has achieved so much, his official *Military Record* is curiously terse. It runs : "No record. Sailed from U.S. for foreign service May 11, 1917. Arr. port overseas May 21, 1917. Sailed from port overseas for U.S. Feb. 5, 1919. Arr. Hoboken on *Canopic* Feb. 20, 1919. *Remarks :* Discharged per S.O. 1614, S.G.O., Washington, D.C. April 9, 1919." "No record" is good.

MARGARET KENNEDY is an acute observer and few living novelists have better command of their own "line." Her new novel, *Together and Apart* (Cassell ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), rises infinitely superior to the main run of library novels. Yet to me it falls short of her best. A marriage has gone wrong, though not tragically so at first. A friendly agreement to part (in spite of the children) has been reached when the book begins. And until the facts become common knowledge and are represented in the convex or concave mirrors of the world, Alec and Betsy Canning manage to see them fairly straight in their own private looking-glass. Then gossip in a dozen quarters starts its distorting process, rubs up sores, turns honest regret into festering resentment, produces mean instead of generous reactions, and queers the situation hopelessly. The children inevitably take sides and later find themselves criticising the parent they have sided with. In the best and most sensitive chapter of the book, when Alec has married a "golden girl" who bores him, and Betsy has unsuitably become Lady St. Mullins, they meet over the death-bed of Alec's mother and know they would have done better to stick together. But it is too late—unless, as I suspect from certain loose ends, Miss Kennedy has a sequel in view.

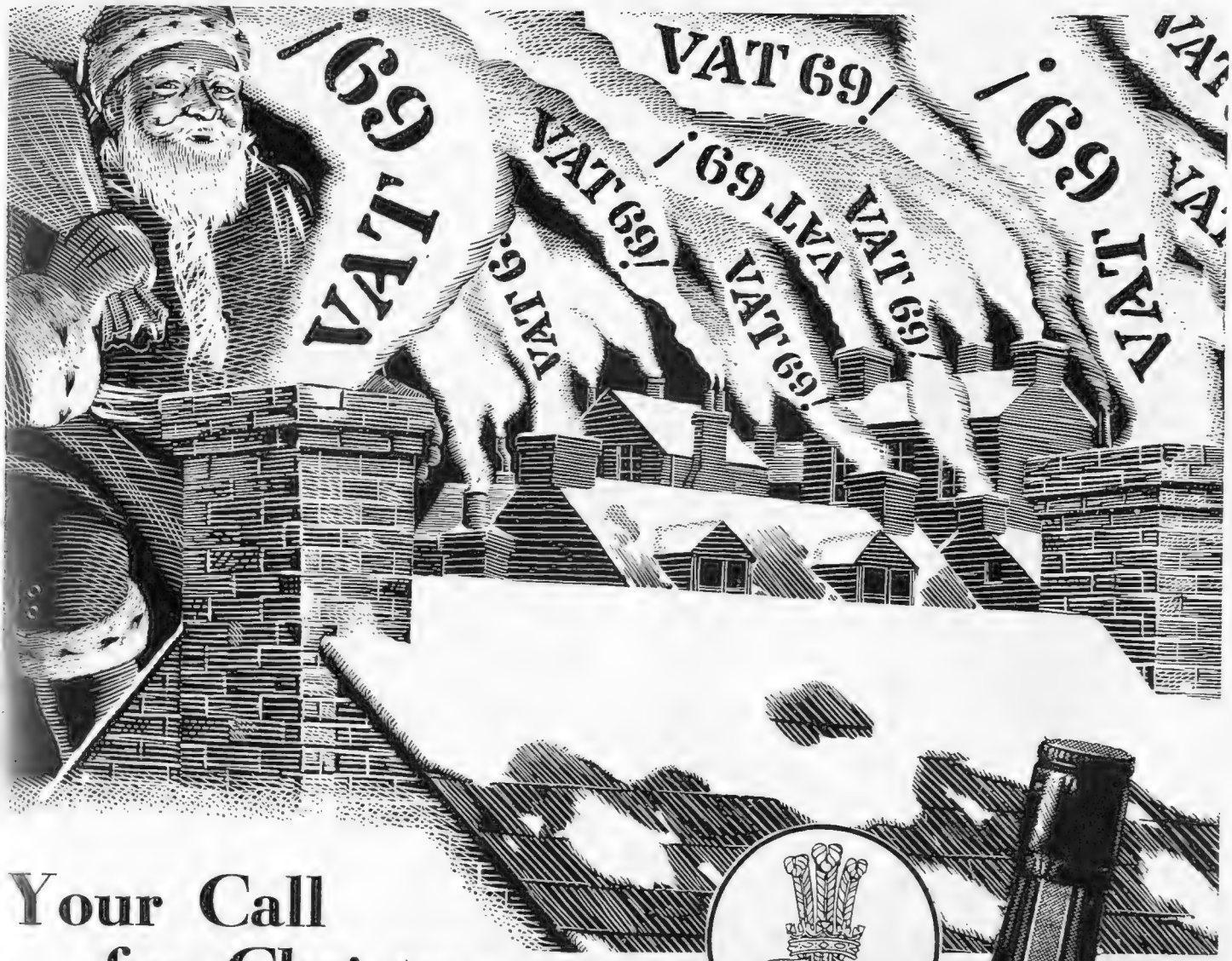
This could be a first-rate novel ; yet some last touch of fire and vitality is wanting. The characters are natural enough but do not palpitate ; so that one reader at least, instead of being sympathetically identified with each in turn, looked on at them with interest but without emotion. Yet again and again I was caught by Miss Kennedy's gift of putting the gist of a relationship in a nutshell. Before Betsy mis-marries her Lord she finds it "strange that he should worship her for virtues she did not possess, while she was deeply respected for virtues of which he was unaware. Their life together was going to be an oddly syncopated business." And after Alec has mis-married his golden girl, "a polite deference to one another's wishes was the rule . . . so that there was no unity of plan." There is real observation in remarks like these.

IN the Law Courts, those happy hunting-grounds of crime-novelists, where murders are as common as rabbits, it is refreshing to find a fine hare of scandal run to earth in Mary Borden's *Action for Slander* (Heinemann ; 7*s.* 6*d.*). At a distinguished gambling party Major Daviot is falsely accused by a tipsy novice of cheating at poker. The accusation would fall to the ground if it were not unexpectedly seconded by Captain Bradford, with whose wife the Major is carrying on. The incident is hushed up for the sake of all concerned ; later, the seal of secrecy is broken and Major Daviot is compelled to bring his case. Here is no mystery for the reader : we know the poker-playing Major to be a white man—at cards. The mystery is for the judge and jury, from whom the slanderer's motive is kept dark. How can they guess he is concerned, not with the Honour of the Regiment, but with the dishonour of his bed ? And how will the Major call the Captain's bluff and prove his innocence—at cards ? This is what keeps us guessing during a well-managed story in which the litigants' private lives are effectively sandwiched between the evidence in court. I could have dispensed with the mental wanderings of the judge and jury : being inessential, they act as padding and tend to blunt the crisp interest of the court proceedings.

Anthony

"Die Meistersinger" at Sadler's Wells

The first performance of Wagner's opera by the Vic-Wells company was three weeks ago ; it promised to be their most ambitious production and proved to be their most successful—a well-balanced, clear-cut ensemble with well-studied minor parts. Critics handed laurels to Arnold Matters' Sachs, Edith Coates' Magdalene, Sumner Austin's Beckmesser and Warwick Braithwaite's conducting. In the picture are Molly de Gunst (Eva) and Ronald Stear (Pogner). The next performance is on Friday at 6.45



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ICH DIEN
BY APPOINTMENT

V 39-10

"Bystander" Short Story No. 68

While the Going is Good

By L. A. G. Strong

AVOIDING Julian's eye, Lennox looked down at the baby.

"Well," Julian asked, "whom do you think she is like?"

Lennox moistened his lips before he answered.

"Rather like Hilda, don't you think? About the eyes and forehead?"

"Nobody else?"

A pause.

"Not that I can see."

Suddenly, venomously, Julian produced an old photograph. "Does that help at all?"

Lennox looked at the photograph. For an instant the room seemed to turn black, and he felt as if he was swaying. The photograph, an outdoors group taken some thirty years before, showed him as a child of five. The likeness was unmistakable, almost comic.

Julian's voice seemed to be coming from a long way away, and yet to be loud in his ear.

"It's a funny business altogether. The baby was born six weeks before the time Hilda said she expected it. Yet the doctor didn't think it was at all early. Odd, isn't it?"

Then, as Lennox did not answer, the voice went on in the same conversational tone, "Of course, I quite realise that if I like to go abroad for three months and give my handsome and distinguished cousin the run of the house, in a sense, I have only myself to blame. At the same time, I think it rather too much to accept and bring up another man's child. Or don't you agree?"

Lennox found his voice.

"I don't know what on earth you're talking about."

"You haven't changed." Julian's voice had a new, mocking edge.

"What do you mean, I haven't changed?"

"Just what I say. You haven't changed. Do you remember that summer we spent together down at Shelton, when we were small? I was about eight, I think, so you would have been nine. Do you remember it at all?"

"I remember being at Shelton, certainly. What about it?"

"I wonder if you remember something I've never forgotten. We were hunting for prawns, and I caught a grand big one, and put it in my jam-jar. I went to the pool again, to see if there were any more. When I got back, the prawn was gone from my jar, and you had a big prawn, just like it, in yours. But you didn't admit anything. You didn't know what I was talking about."

"You haven't changed, either." Lennox's face was twisted with spite. "You didn't speak straight out then, any more than you do now. Just the same polite surprise. Just the same."

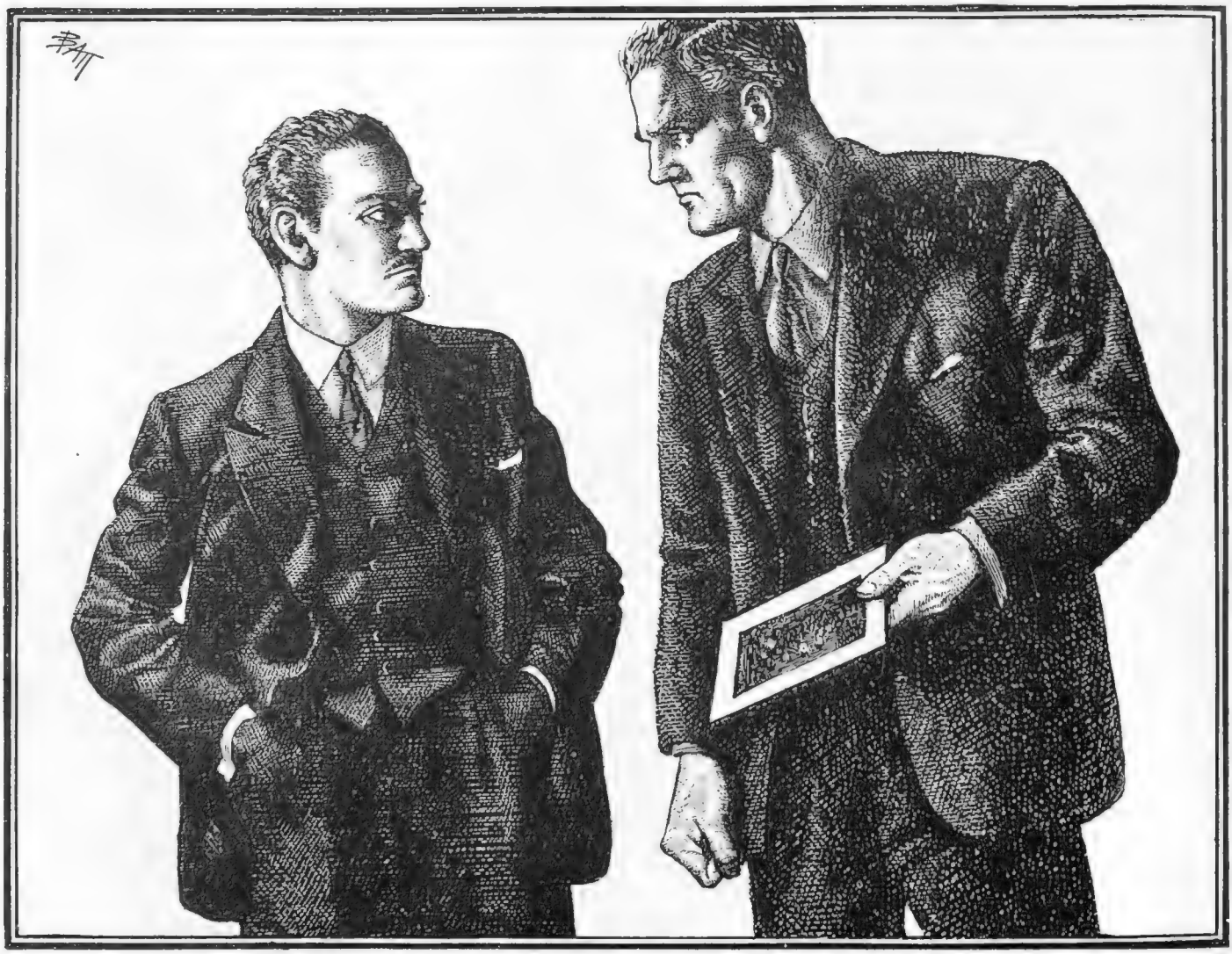
"I'm sorry. I thought my meaning was quite clear, on both occasions."

Julian was standing very close to Lennox. He had turned rather pale, and was breathing through his nose. Looking at Lennox, he saw in the shifting eyes the fear of his own nearness. Penned in, Lennox was beginning to lean nervously back.

At the sight of his fear, something rose to the surface in Julian. A lifetime of dislike crystallised, and, utterly without premeditation, he felt his jaw set, his fist clench and lash out in hatred at the smooth, alarmed face so close to his own.

Just in time, Lennox saw the hatred gleam in his eye, and dodged instinctively. The fist grazed his ear, and the energy of the blow, released, almost brought Julian on top of him. In blank

(Concluded on page ii)



Merry Xmas

says Elizabeth

The "Quins" At Home

A visit to the Toy Fair at Harrods, Knightsbridge, is like a trip to Fairyland. Silver gates guard the entrance, and the scenes within are those of an Enchanted Wood, inhabited by Ali Baba, Little Red Riding Hood, the Frog Prince, and many others. Father Christmas and the Fairy Princess preside over the Book of Fame, which contains the signatures of all young visitors. The Dionne "Quins" are giving a tea-party in the scene below. All five are beautifully dressed in spotted voile, with bonnets to match. They have real curly hair and eyes which open and shut. The name-brooch of every child is pinned on her frock, and they cost 37s. 6d. each. A lovely crinoline lady arrayed in taffeta with ringlets and a poke bonnet stands on the left, while her escort on the right is dressed ready for the meet. He wears a pink coat, white breeches and a very dashing canary-coloured waistcoat. Perambulators are among the toys which appeal very strongly to little girls who love the fun of dressing a baby doll in soft woollies, taking it for a walk, and bringing it home in time to have its bottle. Boys, on the other hand, revel in aeroplanes, speed cars, and trains which rush in and out of tunnels whistling loudly at intervals.

Christmas Parties Are Here Again

Children come into their own at Christmas more than at any other time, as there are parties, pantomimes, and all sorts of excitements which make life unusually gay. As with grown-ups, clothes are important, and Liberty's, Regent Street, are specialising in party frocks for young people. They designed and made the pink taffeta dress worn by the little girl above who is rubbing her knee. It is cut with a short, full skirt, smocked at the waist, and trimmed with rows of organza frilling round the hem. The sleeves are puffed, and the round neck has a plain frill. Her companion is wearing a sleeveless frock in pure silk hand-printed crêpe-de-Chine, which washes and wears extremely well

Party clothes are a sore trial to the small boy unless he feels free to romp and roll about as much as he likes. With short trousers, however, he is quite happy as there is nothing to stop him from standing on his head if he pleases. Liberty's have chosen blue velveteen for the pair on the right, which is accompanied by a white crêpe-de-Chine shirt, finely tucked and smocked with blue silk. Though so simple, this suit is very becoming and can be varied by a change of blouse. Incidentally, a visit to the children's salons should be followed by a tour of the toy section on the ground floor. Animals from all parts of the globe are gathered there, including Australian Tree Bears and their young

Dover Street Studios

Many happy owners of a Ford car will be delighted to receive a box of crêpe-de-Chine handkerchiefs printed in gay colours with a Ford " V-8 " design. They are made by a well-known firm of silk manufacturers, at Macclesfield, and are sold by all Ford dealers

Special Christmas stockings for cats and dogs are in great demand in the Pets' Accessories at Selfridge's, Oxford Street. They are filled with all sorts of amusing toys as well as a drying towel and brush. Prices range from 5s. 3d. and vary according to the contents

Left: to wear with country tweeds, Swaine and Adeney, 185, Piccadilly, suggest a set of ten hand-carved wood buttons with a raised fox's head painted in lifelike colours. They are packed in a leather case and cost three pounds fifteen shillings

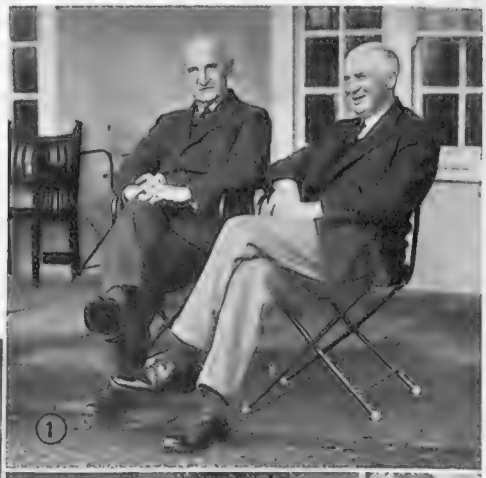
An eight-day clock, chromium-plated and shaped like a spur is an excellent present for hunting friends, and costs four guineas at Swaine and Adeney. Another idea is a motor mascot with a hunter's head in chromium-plated bronze for two and a half guineas

The new " My Lady's Lighter " sketched on the right is a delightful novelty for a Christmas stocking. Being so light and compact, it is easily carried in the handbag and takes up no more room than a lipstick. It costs five shillings and is sold at all branches of Boots'

Golf Clubs at Home

Langley Park, Beckenham

"The Langley Park course was made in the early days of the rubber-cored ball but golf was, in all human probability, played in the park very much earlier than that," says Bernard Darwin in the Club's descriptive booklet. To-day Langley Park offers levelish, park-type golf; to quote Darwin again: "it has fine trees, gorse and broom, a pretty little lake making, at one hole, an alarming hazard, and turf that has been there a long time." The club-house is up to date and comfortable



(1) Dr. R. W. Donnellan (captain) and C. F. Wimbele. (2) Lieut.-Col. W. N. Budgen (secretary) and C. G. Izard (ex-captain). (3) A. Sherlow, L. A. H. Sparrow, and H. Sherley-Price. (4) E. P. Pink and A. H. Tytherleigh (committee members). (5) F. G. Ash (committee member) and A. F. Abbiss. (6) E. H. W. Scott, W. T. Twine (professional) and H. G. Padbury. (7) H. O. Cooper and C. W. Freeman. (8) F. R. Statham and G. W. Long. (9) Dr. R. Sellick and H. F. Parfitt

Seek the sun in EGYPT *now!*

The Egyptian moon hanging like a gigantic illuminated balloon in the velvet sky;
flocks of egrets winging their way majestically across the dawn;
Turkish delight, fresh dates, and spices served on wooden platters in the desert;
gay gymkhanas where the riders sit cross-legged on the camels;
polo-playing subalterns and haughty guardsmen;
the donkey races at Luxor;
snake charmers and the glass eaters; fancy dress parties and the Fakirs;
the duck shooting; the snipe shooting; hot day sunshine and cool night air;
the richness of the Persian rugs four deep under foot in some sheikh's tent;
the golden glamour of the desert;
blaze of poinsettias, and the date palms waving their feather duster crests;
the crowded street life of Cairo's native quarter;
the turquoise domes of the mosques.

Can you imagine a more vivid and unusual holiday? The season is in full swing now and hotels and railways in Egypt are offering specially attractive rates. So make your plans quickly.★

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TRAVEL IN COMFORT BY MISR STEAMSHIPS AND MISR AIR SERVICES

While the Going is Good

(Continued from page 458)

terror at his nearness, Lennox lashed out in turn. His blow, travelling a few inches only, caught Julian hard on the chin. He toppled sideways, the back of his knees came against a chair, and he was over, his head cracking sharply against the corner of the piano. An instant later he lay limp on the floor.

Lennox, in sheer, incredulous amazement, stared down, and watched the blood slowly fill up a long cut on his forehead, then spill, quick and bright, over his temple to the carpet. He stood and stared. Exultation rose in waves, swamping the unbelief in his breast. He, Lennox, had, in a real exchange of violence, come out top, and defeated Julian, the capable man, the athlete. It could not be! Yet, indubitably, it was. There, on the floor, lay his victim, bleeding.

Lennox took a deep breath. Jerking himself into action, he went to the door, and called up the stairs.

"Hilda!"

There was a scuffle of steps, and the sound of an opening door.

"Yes?" the voice asked, quick and apprehensive.

"You 'd better come down. Julian and I have had an argument, and I 'm afraid——"

He went back into the room without finishing. A swift patter of feet upon the stairs, and Hilda came into the room. She caught her breath, and stared down at Julian, her eyes opening wider and wider. Then, with even greater amazement, she stared at Lennox.

"How——?"

"We had a bit of an argument. He hit out at me, and, in self-defence, I had to hit back."

She was staring at him as if she had never seen him before. Nettled at an incredulity to match his own, he nodded towards the figure on the floor.

"Hadn't you better look after him?"

She hurried out without a word, and in less than a minute was back with a basin of cold water and a cloth. Kneeling down by Julian's side, she began unskilfully to dab cold water on the wound.

The treatment was successful. With a shiver, Julian opened his eyes. For a moment he gazed past her at the ceiling, without interest. Then he sat up, took the cloth from her, and pressed it against his forehead.

"Thanks," he said. His amused, conversational tone had returned. "That didn't go quite according to plan, did it?"

Lennox felt a sudden dislike of the situation. He turned to Hilda.

"I 'd better go, I think," he said, in a hushed tone, as one carefully disclaiming elation, and anxious to do only what was best.

"Yes." Julian was examining the bloodstains on the cloth. "It makes a fine, dramatic exit for you, doesn't it? You 're right: you 'd better go—while the going is good."

Lennox longed to reply. Only a sentence was needed to put him back in his position of superiority, something swift, unboastful, and cutting: but he could not think of it. He turned, went out into the hall, and took down his hat and coat.

Hilda followed him. As he opened the hall door she caught at his sleeve.

"Did he——?" she began, in a whisper.

Lennox had had enough. He did not want to start another discussion.

"He 'll be all right in a few minutes," he said loudly.

Her eyes still anxiously interrogating him, he turned, shut the gate, and strode off down the road. Already his triumph was going sour. Already he was sinking back to the place in which Julian had always kept him. He tried to re-establish himself, fought desperately to keep his victory: but, as he neared the station, the words "Go while the going is good. Go while the going is good," reverberated loudly and mockingly in his ears.

THE END.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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SPORTS EVENTS

Bad Ischl (Upper Austria) Austrian Ski and Jumping Championships (Jan. 30th and 31st)

Zell am See (Salzburg Province) 5th Academic World-Winter Games 1937; Ski, Ice-hockey and Skating Competitions (Feb. 1st—7th)

Igls near Innsbruck (Tyrol) Academic Two-seater Bob-World Races and Academic Toboggan Competitions (Feb. 4th—6th)

Vienna World Championship Figure-Skating for Men (February 12th and 13th)

Obergurgl (Tyrol) Ski Races for Prof. Piccard - Medals (February 21st)

Semmering (Lwr. Austria/Styria) Ski-Jumping (Feb. 28th)

Kitzbühel (Tyrol) International Ski - Competitions (March 19th—21st)

Heiligenblut (Carinthia) International Glockner Ski-Race (May 16th)

SOCIAL EVENTS IN VIENNA

Opera Ball (January 16th)

Ball in the Imperial Palace of Schönbrunn (Jan. 20th)

Fashion-Ball (January 30th)

Ball of the City of Vienna (February 4th)

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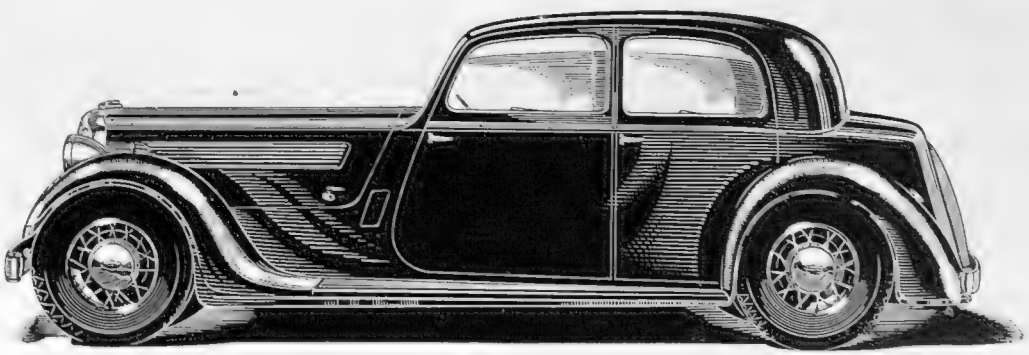

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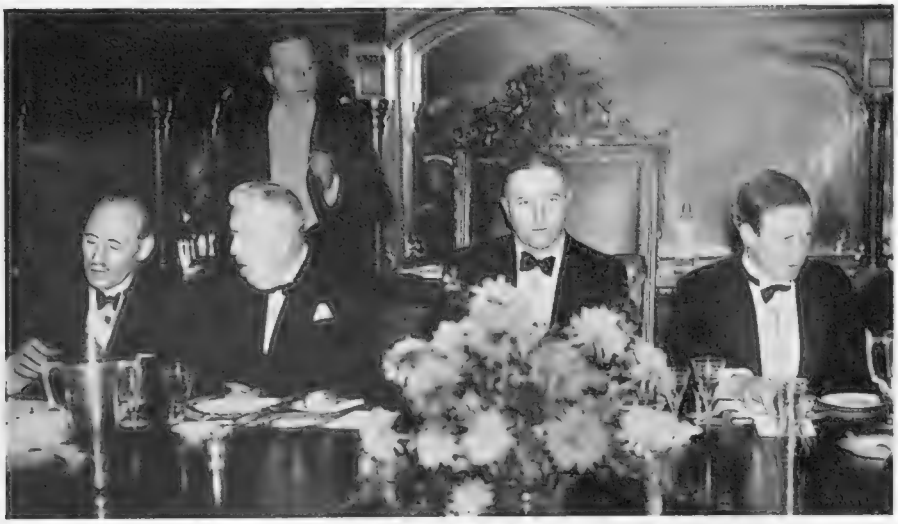
In the Air Over London: By Charles Ward



Famous pilots at the Guild Dinner. From left to right, Captain the Rt. Hon. F. E. Guest, one time Secretary of State for Air, in whose honour the dinner was held; Dr. Eckener, the veteran Zeppelin commander; Captain Lamplugh, of Lloyds, in the chair; Colonel Charles Lindbergh, whose home from home is in Kent

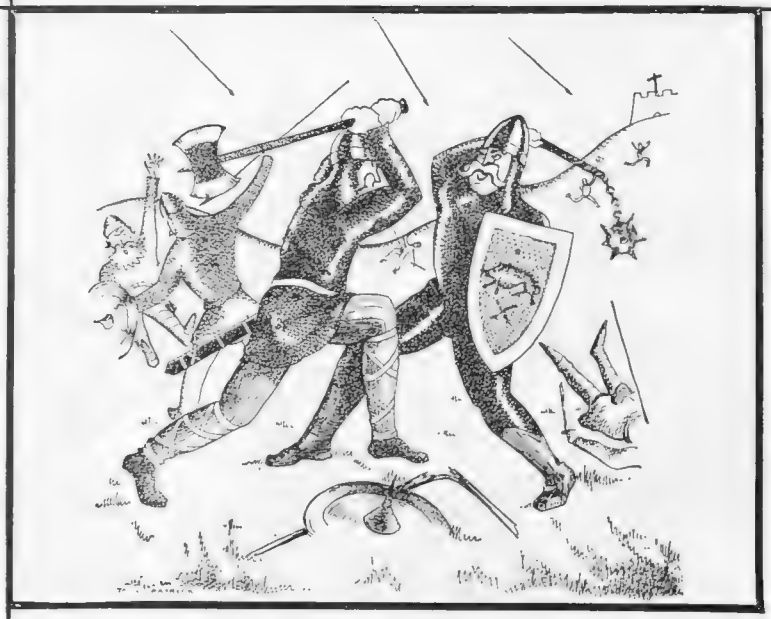
Flying on the Great West Road

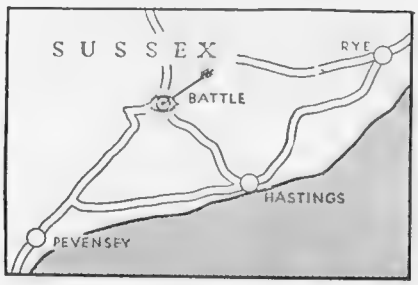
SIR PHILIP SASSOON has announced, that, subject to the approval of Parliament, the land adjoining Heston which will be required for extension to the aerodrome proper, and to preserve the approaches particularly for flying at night and in fog, will be purchased by the Government. It is anticipated that the Air Ministry will do the job properly, by which is meant that the whole of the flat land bordering on the aerodrome will be acquired. It is impossible for the Government to lose money on the deal, for the value of land is rising and any odd corners not required in future can be sold for restricted building purposes. Meantime, Airwork is getting on with its business of running the most efficient airport in England. In addition to housing about 200 aircraft, the Company runs a school of Avro Cadets, a small army of engineers who overhaul any type of aircraft or engine, a club and a hotel. Heston was first in the field with full night-flying equipment and the Lorenz blind-approach system. At times when Croydon is fog-bound, some of its traffic is diverted to the Great West Road aerodrome. Three of British Airways liners from the Continent and a German freighter came in that way recently. In spite of bad weather, the air taxi ranks have been well patronised. What with trips to Spain or thereabouts for pictures, the Crystal Palace fire that engaged three of Birkett's 'planes on night work, and such a job as carrying a £6000 cheque to Guernsey for the winner of a football pool, there is plenty of variety in this game.

Changing 'Planes

THIS is the season for overhauls and the decision as to whether to buy a new one for next year? The Household Brigade has taken delivery of a Leopard from Airwork which was formerly the property of Mr. W. Lindsay Everard, handing over in part exchange the Moth Major that has given such good service for some years. As the

(Concluded on page vi)





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C.F.H.133

In the Air Over London

(*Continued from page* iv)

pupils and members of the Brigade Club enjoy reciprocal privileges with the Heston pupils on each other's aircraft, the Guards will be trained in future on the Airwork Cadets, leaving the Leopard free for cross-country flights. After taxi work, the ferry pilot's job is one of the most interesting in the profession, although the latter may entail returning by boat and train. Over considerable distances, it often pays to deliver by air instead of sending the 'plane in a crate. A Rapide for the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company was flown out to Abadan during last month, the distance of 3200 miles being covered in twenty-four hours flying time. At this time of year, low clouds, fog, and snow are met across Europe, and this particular journey via Budapest, Belgrade and Istanbul occupied an over-all time of eight days. The Flea by any other name can still hop about amazingly well. Mr. S. V. Appleby has taken over the "Intercepter" from M. Mignet, and the two propose to form a British company to manufacture it under the title H.M. 18. Meantime, the original Flea in which Appleby flew the Channel is up for sale.

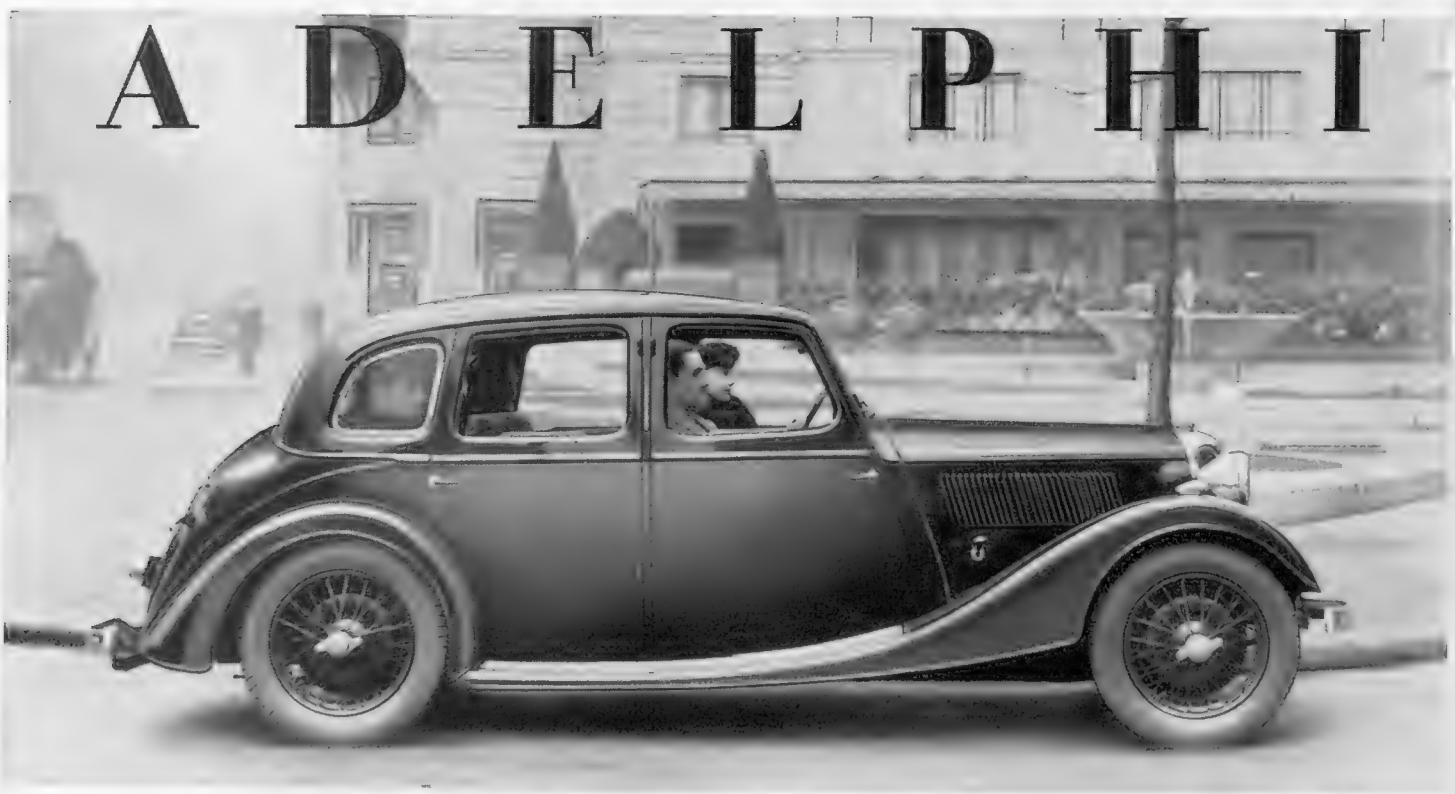
At the Guild Dinner

A SELECT company of the most famous pilots in England dined in honour of the Master of their Guild, Captain the Rt. Hon. F. E. Guest, D.S.O., M.P. His deputy, Captain Lamplugh, that genial ogre who presides over their insurance policies at Lloyds, proposed the toast of "Our Guest," Guest, or Freddie Guest, as he is known to all the old hands who fly. A handsome piece of plate was presented to the Master, on which was inscribed the signatures of the members, including such Honoraries as Dr. Eckener and Colonel Lindberg, who were present for the occasion. Dr. Eckener's speech stressed the need for understanding between peoples of the world, and the great part that flying could play to further this end in the cause of peace. Being in a minority of 79 against 80 or thereabouts, his references to airships were greeted with just that kind of applause, which, in England, conveys a sincere compliment to a foreigner who succeeds in something which we cannot carry out ourselves. The Guild was founded by two men, Brancker and Johnstone, who lost their lives in R.101, and whose absence has been deplored in flying circles ever since.

Miss Sheila Eileen Roberts, a welcome addition to flying society, with her fiancé, Stuart William Anthony Scott, at Croydon Airport

News in Brief

AMBASSADOR HERR VON RIBBENTROP has a Junker's 52, the best-known German type that flies in and out of Croydon, using it as personal transport for his trips to Berlin. The return flight after the signature of the German-Japanese agreement was eventful in that his pilot had to land at Croydon with literally no visibility on the ground at all. The fog was not more than ten feet thick, but Croydon's hollows, dales, valleys, call them what you will, can be very deceptive, even in sunlight. The landing was perfect, but the pilot had to be guided to the tarmac by wireless. On the same day liners taking off were led to the white line by ground staff at the wing-tips. Railway Air Services has a new director from Coast Lines, Ltd.—Mr. George A. Read—as this company is now interested in the air services to Belfast and Glasgow from London.



NO car is more admirably proportioned; few cars—and these only at a much higher price—possess such an outstanding all-round performance. Moreover, its part exchange value in a few years' time will be pleasurably high, and while that is perhaps an unusual way of advertising a car it is after all the best yardstick today's buyer can use. 1½ Litre £350. 6-cyl. 15 h.p. £380. Dunlop Tyres and Triplex Glass all round. Riley (Coventry) Limited, Coventry.

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SESTRIÈRES

A Modern Medley

Concerning the Complexion

WINTER is always a trying time for the complexion, as cold winds, rain and fog all tend to coarsen the skin. Pores become clogged with smoke and soot, while small lines readily spring up round the eyes and mouth. An excellent remedy for such evils is "Larola" Complexion Milk which is something in the nature of a tonic as well as an emollient. Its immediate effect is to impart a sense of freshness to the skin by stimulating the blood stream. It also cleanses the pores, driving out all impurities which are so often the cause of small blemishes. Beetham's "Larola" is absolutely pure and free from gummy ingredients; it should be used on the face and hands at least twice a day, in the morning before powdering, when it acts as a protective lotion, and at night to cleanse and nourish the tissues. It is sold practically everywhere at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. the bottle, while a booklet entitled "The Cult of Beauty" will be sent post free on request.

Say It With Jewels

THE gift problem is an ever-pressing one, not only at Christmas time but all the year round, when birthdays and anniversaries constantly demand some mark of recognition. Servex Jewellery is something which every woman covets, as it sets off her beauty and lends an air of distinction to whatever she is wearing. A string of exquisite pearls endowed with a natural sheen is obtainable from Servex for as little as a guinea, together with an extensive selection of other real stone jewellery, including rings, brooches, pendants and tie-pins. Requests for further information, however, should be addressed to the Mail Order Manager, Servex Jewellery, 162, Dukes Road, Acton, who will send an illustrated catalogue free of charge.

A Fork With a Difference

THE latest addition to the dinner table is the "Spork," a new type of fork with prongs approximately three-quarters of an inch long. The underside is in the shape of a shallow spoon with a semi-cutting edge which is very practical for stews, curries and other delicacies such as peas and hors-d'œuvre. It is made of stainless steel, available in three sizes, and owing to the shortness of the prongs is speedily cleaned. Anyone wishing for further details should write to The Spork Company, 14, Rose Street, Edinburgh.

Lenare

A regular course of morning and evening massage with "Larola" will bring life and a delicate colour to the most faded complexion. In addition to thoroughly cleansing the pores, it nourishes the tissues and prevents lines and crow's feet from appearing

The Editor's Box

The Wispellen "Funi," Gstaad

There are two up-the-mountain railways near Gstaad—the one illustrated above, and a caterpillar traction one on the Hornberg, ending up with a Wispellen-Funi for the last two hundred metres. We apologise to Gstaad for having denied the existence of these amenities in the neighbourhood

A Winter Sports Calendar

THE following are the most important of the ski-ing events of the 1936-7 season in the Swiss, French and Italian Alps:

Oxford and Cambridge Ski Races, Bréuil, December 23rd-24th (approx.)
F.I.S. Meeting, Chamonix, date not fixed
Yamato Challenge Cup, Grindelwald, December 30th
Birthday Challenge Cup, Klosters, December 31st
Scaramanga Challenge Cup, Grindelwald, January 6th
Halford Hewitt Public Schools Challenge Cup, Klosters, January 6th
Junior Kandahar Championship, Wengen, January 6th
British Open Ski-Running Championship, Grindelwald, January 9th and 10th
Roberts of Kandahar Challenge Cup, Wengen, January 12th
Bretaye Cup, Villars, January 13th
Grisons Bowl, Klosters, January 15th
Andrew Irvine Challenge Cup, Mürren, January 15th
Duke of Kent's Cup, Mürren, January 17th
Diavolezza Challenge Cup, Klosters, January 19th
Inferno Challenge Cup, Mürren, January 19th
Prince Chichibu Challenge Cup, Grindelwald, February 2nd
Weissfluh-Küblis Trophy, Klosters, February 18th
Parsenn Derby, Davos, February 21st
Arlberg-Kandahar, Mürren, March 7th and 8th

Oxford and Cambridge at Bréuil

THE Oxford and Cambridge Ski Races are now to be held at Bréuil instead of Sestrières. Bréuil, which has been re-named Cervinia, is 6700 feet up on the south side of the Matterhorn, in the valley of Aosta, has perfect snow conditions from early in the season till late spring, and a cable railway running up to 2600 metres. The Italian Government are spending large sums in developing this resort on Sestrières lines. The teams and their supporters are now quartered out there, in the big new hotels, Hotel Sole and Grand Hotel, Cervinia.

A Correction

IN our issue of December 2nd (page 384), we published a photograph of W. H. Earle, President of the Oxford University Ski Club, over the name of J. Palmer-Tomkinson, captain of the Oxford team. We apologise to both gentlemen for our mistake.

A General Favourite

THOSE who at this time of the year require a really fine champagne for their own use or to send to friends, will unquestionably turn to their old favourite Bollinger Special Cuvée, for so many years the choice of the discriminating public. A dry wine of rare delicacy and bouquet it is without doubt one that cannot fail to delight the most fastidious of palates and it is not without reason it is voted by the finest judges to be fully the equal of the best vintage wines of many other brands. A high-class champagne at a moderate price, Bollinger Special Cuvée has for years been the choice of those responsible for the selection of wines at public and private receptions, luncheons, dinners, balls, weddings, race meetings, point-to-point gatherings, and all out of door sporting functions, where it is an established favourite.

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

December 16 — December 22

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES *(Christmas Extras and Omissions Not Listed)*

Comedy and Tragedy

AFTER OCTOBER.—Lively jest at expense of impecunious family, headed by Mary Clare: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Ralph Richardson is the amazing doctor mixed up with some amusing crooks: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle in St. John Ervine's amusing long-runner: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE BOY DAVID.—Barrie's Biblical with Bergner in the name-part; Godfrey Tearle as Saul: His Majesty's, 8.30.

CHARLES THE KING.—Fine historical piece of a royalist flavour; Barry Jones as the King, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies as the Queen, George Merritt as Cromwell: décor by Motley: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HELL-FOR-LEATHER!—Stage effects of motor racing are magnificent; Bernard Nedell, Olive Blakeney, Alec Clunes support the autos: Phœnix, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THE HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's hyper-romantic school play, with Frederick Leister in the name-part, J. H. Roberts, and Joan White: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

JANE EYRE.—The Brontë novel in Helen Jerome's adaptation makes a fine play; Curigwen Lewis as Jane is beyond praise, Reginald Tate is an impressive Rochester: Queen's, 8.30. Mon., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MADEMOISELLE.—Powerful French play with good characterisation; Madge Titheradge, Greer Garson, Isabel Jeans, Cecil Parker: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MARIGOLD.—Revival of the charming Scottish comedy with Katherine Page, Jean Clyde, and Walter Roy: Royalty, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.—T. S. Eliot's play in verse with Robert Speaight as Becket: Duchess, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PANIC.—Financial crisis dealt with in verse, with Franklin Dyall. Also THE DUMB WIFE, with Margaretta Scott and Elliott Seabrooke: Mercury, 8.30 (not Mon.). Sat., 2.30.

PARNELL.—History and biography strongly mixed to make drama by Margaret Rawlings and Wyndham Goldie: New, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WASTE.—Granville Barker's fine play has Nicholas Hannen, Catherine Lacey and Gillian Scaife to interpret: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this play is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WITCH OF EDMONTON.—Dekker's play produced by Michel Saint-Denis and decorated by Motley; William Devlin, Edith Evans, Michael Redgrave: Old Vic, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

CARELESS RAPTURE.—Ivor Novello heads his own vast, romantic show, with Walter Crisham and Zena Dare and huge chorus: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DESERT SONG.—Old romantic musical with Edith Day, Clarice Hardwicke and Harry Welchman in their original parts: Daly's, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

LAUGHTER OVER LONDON.—Lou Holtz does some wonderful compèring with George Robey heading the first-class turns: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

O-KAY FOR SOUND.—Riotous revue with plenty of knockabout humour by Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, Nervo and Knox: Palladium, 6.20 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

O MISTRESS MINE.—Ruritanian atmosphere—plot, accents and all; Yvonne Printemps is a queen in disguise, Pierre Fresnay gets entangled: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

OVER SHE GOES.—Slap-stick to music, with Stanley Lupino, Laddie Cliff and Adèle Dixon to make it go: Saville, 8.15. Sat., 2.30.

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REVUDEVILLE No. 86.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slap-stick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

SWING ALONG.—Louise Browne, Leslie Henson, Fred Emney and Zelma O'Neal in a musical as funny as *Seeing Stars*; Henson especially in great form: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THIS 'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE.—Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph and a gaily-coloured chorus lead a no-plot musical with success: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

"Over She Goes"

Described as a "musical tantivy," its main support is from the dual antics of Laddie Cliff and Stanley Lupino, faced here with a desperate situation. Music by Billy Mayerl. At the Saville

TO AND FRO.—Esmé Percy, Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard in this revue: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE TWO BOUQUETS.—Pokes gay but gentle satire at Victoriana; Joyce Barbour and George Benson best of a good cast: Ambassador's, 8.30. Tues, Fri., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS.—The Carroll fantasy with Ursula Hanray as Alice: Little, Matinées only.

AREN'T MEN BEASTS!—Irresponsible humour reliant on situations between Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton, and John Mills: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Clever acting by Owen Nares and Fay Compton in a St. John's Wood family-life comedy: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively comedy in a house of a French crammer; Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, and Jessica Tandy: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Big-size thriller, generous in cast and effects; Gordon Harker and Jack Hawkins lead; well entrenched at the Prince's: 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LAUGHTER IN COURT.—Last three days of Yvonne Arnaud and Ronald Squire in their comedy: Shaftesbury, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Emlyn Williams' gruesome thriller: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Cheerful satire on Scottish officialdom; Sara Allgood and Robert Harris lead: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TILL THE COWS COME HOME.—Comedy with a social significance; Leslie Banks as a public man on holiday; also Adrienne Allen, Marjorie Fielding and Marcus Barron: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

YOUNG MADAME CONTI.—Very mellow melodrama, with Constance Cummings in the name-part excellently supported: Savoy, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

First Nights *(Mostly Christmas Fare)*

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS.—Italia Conti's annual production; proceeds from first show to Newspaper Press Fund: Holborn Empire (matinées only), to-day, 16th.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY—Or What a Witch! Charlot's pantomime revives from last year, with Nellie Wallace, Harry Tate, Patrick Waddington, Nancy Burne: Vaudeville, Thurs., 17th.

BALALAIKA.—Eric Maschwitz's spectacular play about Russian exiles, with Clifford Mollison and ballets by Hermione Darnborough: Adelphi, Fri., 18th.

WHAT 'S BECOME OF THE FAIRIES?—Piccadilly, Mon., 21st.

THE BOY WHO LOST HIS TEMPER.—Cambridge, (matinées only), Tues., 22nd.

CINEMAS

ANTHONY ADVERSE (American).—The huge film of a huge book with Frederic March and Olivia de Havilland: Marble Arch Pavilion.

COME AND GET IT (American).—From Edna Ferber's book about passions in the lumber camp: London Pavilion.

CONFETTI (Austrian).—Another Viennese carnival embroglio for insouciant feinschmeckers; music by Robert Stolz: Academy.

GIRLS' DORMITORY (American).—Herbert Marshall and Simone Simon in quite a charming story: Regal.

GO WEST, YOUNG MAN (American).—Mae's new vehicle, with a routine story and Warren William and Randolph Scott: Plaza.

THE GREEN PASTURES (American).—Rex Ingram is "De Lawd" in the film of Marc Connelly's negro heaven play; New Gallery.

LA KERMESSE HÉROÏQUE (French).—A film gem, consistent and convincing throughout; Françoise Rosay and Jean Murat: Studio One.

MAYERLING (French).—Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux in an effective version of the tragedy of Rudolph of Austria: Curzon.

SABOTAGE (British).—Sylvia Sidney, John Loder and Oscar Homolka in a Hitchcock-directed thriller: Tivoli.

SING, LADY, SING (American).—She (Alice Faye) does, to Adolphe Menjou: Empire.

A WOMAN REBELS (American).—Herbert Marshall, Katharine Hepburn and Margaret Allan in a sister drama: Carlton.

Premiere

THE GARDEN OF ALLAH (American).—Marlene Dietrich with Gary Cooper again in a glamorous desert film: Leicester Square, to-night, 16th.

(Continued on page D)

AND we have the Best Show
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Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Tunbridge

Catherine Ferris-Scott

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ferris-Scott, of Whythegate, Staines, Middlesex. She is engaged to Gregory Kater, youngest son of the Hon. Sir Norman Kater and the late Lady Kater, of Mount Broughton, Moss Vale, N.S.W., Australia

Catherine Bell

Kathleen Dunn

Is engaged to Richard H. D. Campbell, youngest son of the late R. H. Campbell, C.I.E., I.C.S., and Mrs. Campbell, of Bognor Regis. She is the youngest daughter of the late R. F. Dunn, of Wolverhampton and Sutton, and Mrs. Dunn, of 43, West Kensington Mansions, W.14

Vandyk

Jean Walker

Is the younger daughter of Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. C. C. Walker, of 59, Chaucer Road, Bedford. She is marrying Alan Ernest Saunders, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. C. Saunders, of Lewell Lodge, Dorchester, Dorset

Pearl Freeman

Joan Pollock

Has announced her engagement to Peter Comley Pitt, son of the late Stanhope Pitt and Mrs. Pitt, of Broadlands, Warlingham, Surrey. She is the daughter of the late Henry Pollock and Mrs. Pollock, of Pilgrim Cottage, Godstone, Surrey

Lenare

Doreen Robinson

Is engaged to Capt. C. B. Venn, The Robin Hoods, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Venn, of the Manor House, Beeston, Notts. Her parents are Dr. and Mrs. G. A. Robinson, of 20, Park Row, Nottingham; she is their only daughter

Stuart Hamilton

Pamela Drury-Lowe

Is the daughter of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Sidney Drury-Lowe, of 106, Hamilton Terrace, N.W.8. Her fiancé is Capt. Bryan Adams, D.S.O., R.N. (ret.), son of the late G. H. Adams and Mrs. Adams, formerly of Portglenone, Ireland

Lenare

Patricia Mary Trew

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Trew, of Byeways, Godalming, Surrey, and has announced her engagement to John Maclean, son of Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Charles L. Maclean, of Ballechin, Perthshire

Vevonda

Betty Hicks

Sir Seymour and Lady Hicks' daughter is engaged to Donald Stuart, the Gordon Highlanders, third son of Mr. and Mrs. William Stuart, of Luffness, the Mill House, Aberfeldy. Sir Seymour and Lady Hicks live at 1, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea

Bassano

Rosemary Green

A Kent engagement is that of Rosemary Green, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Barcham Green, of Mount Ararat, Maidstone, and Alan Clark, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clark, of Hayle Place, Maidstone

Vandyk

Dorothy Warren-Codrington

Dorothy Warren-Codrington is the daughter of the late Col. H. C. Warren-Codrington and Mrs. Warren-Codrington of Worting House, Basingstoke, and is engaged to Captain H. A. Livock, K.O.Y.L.I., son of Mrs. C. E. Chilton, of Langford Park, Bicester, Oxon.

Stuart Hamilton

Anne Charteris

Is the younger daughter of Col. and Mrs. Nigel Charteris, of Whitedown, Alton, Hants., and is engaged to Hilary Bell, Egyptian Irrigation Service, son of the late Rev. F. L. Bell and Mrs. Bell. Their wedding is planned for next summer

Bassano

Lorna Hibbert

Is engaged to Thomas P. A. Galloway, only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Galloway, of Wooler, Northumberland. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Hibbert, of The Knole, Beckley, Kent

Agnew — Mackay

Patrick Alexander Agnew, son of Colonel and the late Mrs. Quentin Agnew, of Mill Hill, Inchture, Perthshire, and Baroness Johanna Mackay, daughter of Baron and the late Baroness Barthold Mackay, of The Hague, Holland, were married at St. Columba's, Pont Street

Matthews — Campbell

Captain Raymond Matthews, only son of the late H. F. Matthews and the late Mrs. H. B. Jones, married Jean Campbell at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. She is the youngest daughter of the late General Sir David Campbell and Lady Campbell, of 35, Drayton Court, S.W.

Wilson — Drake

Gerald Wilson, only son of Sir Murrough and the late Lady Wilson, of Cliffe Hall, Piercebridge, Darlington, and Ursula Drake, daughter of the late Captain Frederic Drake and the late Mrs. Gerald Scott, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Ellice — MacMillan

At St. George's, Hanover Square, Charles Ellice, youngest son of the late Major E. C. Ellice and Mrs. Ellice, of Invergarry, Scotland, married Rachel MacMillan, only child of the late Alec MacMillan and Mrs. MacMillan, of 56, Abingdon Villas, W.

Arnold — Fenwick

Ralph C. M. Arnold, only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Arnold, of Meopham Court, Meopham, Kent, and Constantia Pamela Fenwick, youngest daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. Mark Fenwick, of Abbotswood, Stow-in-the-Wold, and 20, Bryanston Sq., were married at St. Mary's, Bryanston Sq.

Bickford-Smith — Coates

Michael Bickford-Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bickford-Smith, of Helston, Cornwall, and Joyce Coates, elder daughter of Dr. W. H. Coates, director of I.C.I., and Mrs. Coates, of 12-169, Queen's Gate, S.W.7, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Dorman-Smith — Lowson

Cmdr. Victor Dorman-Smith, son of Major and Mrs. Dorman-Smith, of Bellamont Forest, Cootehill, Co. Cavan, and Queen Anne House, Taplow, Bucks., married Isabelle Lowson, only child of the late Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Lowson, at Brompton Parish Church

O'Connor — Johnston

Dennis Scott O'Connor, younger son of Lieut.-Colonel and the late Mrs. M. Scott O'Connor, of Hove, and Martha Johnston, only daughter of the late William Johnston and Mrs. Johnston, of Bedford, were married at St. Matthew's, Bayswater

Gage — Milne-Thomson

Arol Courtenay Gage, the Rugby International, of Ballycastle, Antrim, and Mary Milne-Thomson were married at Woolwich Garrison Church. She is the daughter of Major M. M. Milne-Thomson, of the Survey Dept., Woolwich, and Mrs. Milne-Thomson

(Continued on page L.)

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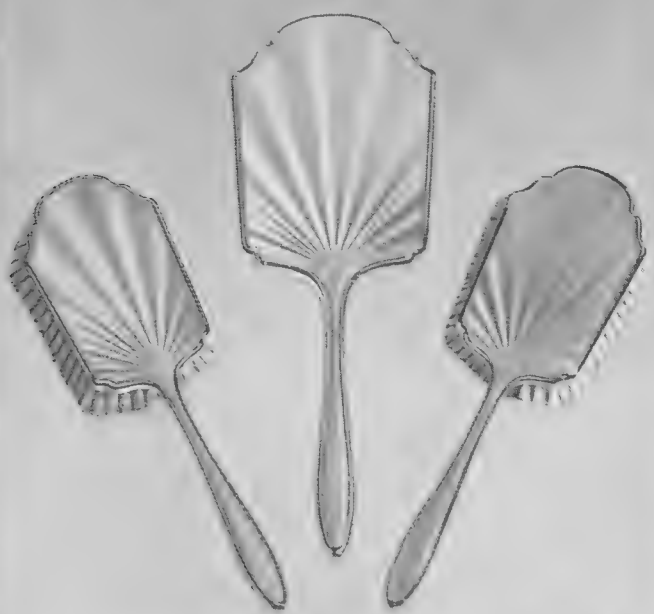

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What's On

(Continued from page A)

OPERA

At Sadler's Wells:

Hansel and Gretel and The Nursery Suite.—To-night, 16th, 8.

Faust (with full ballet).—Thurs., 17th, 8.

Die Meistersinger.—Fri., 18th, 6.45.

Hansel and Gretel and The Nursery Suite.—Sat., 19th, 8.

BALLET

At Sadler's Wells:

Carnaval, Haunted Ballroom, Lac de Cygnes, Façade.—Sat., 19th, 2.30.

Coppelia, Apparitions.—Tues., 22nd, 8.30.

MUSIC

Recitals

Ida Haendel.—First London recital of this twelve-year-old violinist: Queen's Hall, Fri., 18th, 8.30.

Flora Collins.—Wigmore Hall, Fri., 18th, 8.30.

Assia Milowa.—Recital of classical Russian songs: Wigmore Hall, Mon., 21st, 8.30.

Orchestral and Choral

B.B.C. Choral Society.—Queen's Hall, Thurs., 17th, 8.

Carols.—By the Royal Choral Society; Sargent conducts, with Elsie Suddaby, Webster Booth, and Leon Goossens as soloists: Albert Hall, Sat., 19th, 2.30.

Carols.—By the L.N.E.R. Musical Society: Queen's Hall, Sat., 19th, 8.

L.P.O.—Beecham conducts them in Handel's "Messiah": Covent Garden, Sun., 20th, 3.15.

SHOWS EXHIBITIONS AND SPORT

Air Force Exhibition: United Services Museum.

Chichio Haller.—Exhibition of paintings: Adams Gallery, Pall Mall Place.

Boxing.—The Schoolboys' Championships: Stadium Club, Sat., 19th.

Hagenbeck's Circus.—Mostly animal acts: Agricultural Hall, Islington (from Mon., 21st).

Bertram Mills' Circus.—Opened at Olympia by the Lord Mayor in State on Tues., 22nd.

DANCING AND DINING

In the Ballrooms

Virginia Ball.—In aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital: Grosvenor House, to-night, 16th.

Russian Cabaret Ball.—In aid of the Russian Red Cross Society (old organisation): Dorchester, Thurs., 17th.

Guy's Hospital Ball.—Grosvenor House, Thurs., 17th.

In the Restaurants

Coq d'Or.—The newest restaurant, in Provençal auberge style; excellent food (some amusing specialities); no music.

Dorchester.—*Midnight Laughter* is a short and attractive cabaret-revue; Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday.

Grosvenor House.—The new all-star supper revue has Lou Holtz and some singers and dancers; Sydney Lipton's band: extension, Thursday.

Kempinski's.—The German specialities are excellent and inexpensive; other dishes are served; no music.

London Casino.—The Folies de Femmes cabaret is mammoth, and plays during dinner and supper; Jack Harris makes music (two bands).

Luigi's.—Another of the places where food and drink are important; no band or cabaret.

May Fair.—Ambrose is back here, and there is always good cabaret: extension, Friday.

New Clarges.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing; the food and wines are excellent.

Prunier's.—Fish foods are the specialities, but you can eat what you please; the wine list is also excellent; no music.

Quaglino's.—There is cabaret at midnight; Van Straten's band plays; you needn't dress for the Grill: extension, Wednesday

Quinto's.—This is new and amusing, and the food and wine are faultless; lunch and dinner only, and Sundays, dinner.

Rendezvous.—Here 's a Soho suggestion; the food is good, and they give you plenty of it. Open on Sundays, too.

Ritz.—Café chantant cabaret again; Joe Kaye plays for dancing: extension, Wednesday.

San Marco.—Edward Cooper entertains; Ben Oakley and his Barnstormers play for dancing.

"The Garden of Allah": To-Night's Premiere

Charles Boyer, Marlene Dietrich and Basil Rathbone are the stars in the film for whose shooting a large section of Hollywood made an excursion into the desert. Promised as one of Miss Dietrich's most glamorous, it first appears to London at the Leicester Square to-night

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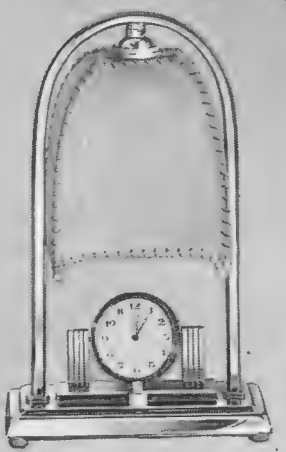

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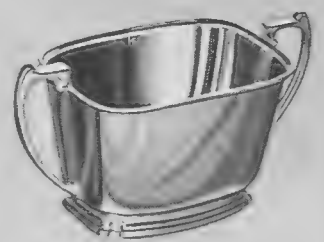

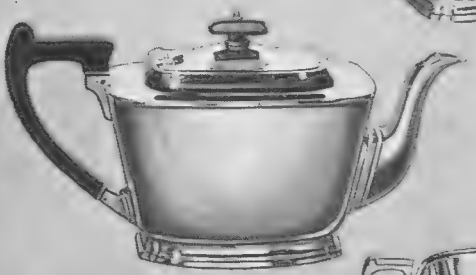

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A present suitable for the most fastidious smoker. These cigarettes are boxed in real oak cabinets. The 50's cabinet (as shown) costs 3/10, the 100's, 6/6, and the 150's, 9/6.

THEY'RE WILLS'S

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London Nights

Dinner, Dance and Cabaret: A Going-Out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers

The Dorchester

Cabaret Although "Les Girls" are no more, the Dorchester show and supper-time frolics have become so much a habit that one gravitates there automatically.
The present show is one of the best they have ever had. Phyllis Stanley is about the best cabaret and revue artist of the day, and a star-spangled future assuredly lies ahead of her.
The boxing broadcast is the funniest turn imaginable, and there is a quality of gaiety and light-heartedness about the whole show that is infectious, and does immense credit to Henry Sherek the producer.

Galas The usual Christmas, Boxing Day and New Year Galas are listed, with special presents and special prices. This is one of the most cheerful places to which you can escape from too much home life.

Grill For a quiet meal with your best boy or girl friend, the Dorchester Grill is the place.

Entrance In the hall, the show-cases and purring lifts remind you of the millionaires and fabulous film-stars ensconced in suites upstairs, and you get a nice, expensive reaction.

Magda Kun Shows Elisabeth Bergner How It's Done

The San Marco

Audition The amateur hour successfully launched months ago in New York, is a big hit here.
Every Friday night, would-be stars can put on their act, and maybe annex a contract.
The applause of the multitude decides their fate.

The Dorchester

A NEW REVUE

"MIDNIGHT LAUGHTER"

"Swift & Sparkling" — MORNING POST

STARRING
STEVE GERAY
MAGDA KUN
HOLLAND & HART
PHYLLIS STANLEY
THE 3 WIERE BROTHERS
THE DORCHESTER GIRLS

JACK JACKSON AND HIS BAND

"The Best Cabaret I have ever seen." —DAILY MIRROR

PRODUCED BY HENRY SHEREK

PEGGY HAMILTON
appearing in "Midnight Laughter"

Telephone: Mayfair 8888

The Friary, the ideal rendezvous, is now open. Cocktails and food for the hurried or for the more leisurely

Luigi's

55 JERMYN ST.
REGENT 6373

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A SMOKER

OR NON-SMOKER

ALL KNOWING GENTLEMEN HAVE A "SEEGAR"

SEAGERS GIN

THE GIN THAT'S BEST FOR YOU TO-DAY —AND TO-MORROW

Friday Audition at the San Marco

Galas Christmas arrangements include a gala on Boxing Night, and a super ditto on New Year's Eve.

Cabaret Since Monday, Edward Cooper, famous for his witty, wise-cracking ditties, is here to entertain you; and, two weeks later, you have the Music-Hall Boys from the gay 'nineties.

Warning to Thieves Every table at the San Marco is decorated by a large shell, in which is perched a single orchid. The shells come from Pesaro in the Adriatic, and although Humbert, who hails from the same town, does not mind his customers absconding with an orchid or two, he wishes they would not always take the shells, as they are hard to replace.

Quaglino's

Recognition No one man, much less two, understands the restaurant business better than the Quaglino brothers.
You have only to go there once to be recognised next time, and welcomed as a valued and well-known patron.

Extension Night It is the friendliest and most intime restaurant in London. On Wednesday, its late night, it is more like a big private party than anything else. Country cousins have a meal there on arrival and get in touch at once.

Cabaret The Western Brothers are here this week.
Next week pick-pocketing Giovanni will do his stuff at midnight.
After that the Western Brothers come back and will be around to sing the New Year in.

Galas There's no closing for Christmas here. All the usual galas, mixed to Quaglino's own recipe of fastidiousness and good humour.

Christmas Present The Coronation bottles of sherry and liqueurs that are on sale here would make charming Christmas presents. Cleverly shaped in the form of crowns, they are the sort of bottle that would be filled and refilled and become a precious decanter.

Quaglino's Coronation Bottle

Grosvenor House

Cabaret There is a really grand new cabaret show in the restaurant. Lou Holtz, who made a big hit in *Transatlantic Rhythm*, and is now in the Victoria Palace show, is an incomparable compère.
There are two excruciatingly clever (and pretty) contortionist sisters; and a diverting turn with a lady owner of the most lovely legs that ever wore tights, and a white horse of the true pantomime variety.
Opening nights of new shows are always dates in Mayfair notebooks, and the food and wine are perfection.

Festivities

CHRISTMAS NIGHT AND BOXING NIGHT

NEW YEAR'S EVE

Grosvenor House

PARK LANE W.1. TELEPHONE: GRO. 6363

CHRISTMAS NIGHT AND BOXING NIGHT

Gala Dinner and Dancing

LOU HOLTZ

AND THE ALL-STAR REVUE

GIFTS FOR LADIES

Dinner, Dancing, Cabaret 25/-

NEW YEAR'S EVE

Celebration Dinner and Dancing

"PARIS TOUR DU MONDE"

A Jacques-Charles Production.

The Children's Sunshine Cabaret

LONDON'S GAYEST GREETING TO 1937

Gifts for Ladies · Dinner, Dancing, Cabaret 52/6

DANCING TO THE GROSVENOR HOUSE BAND under the direction of SYDNEY LIPTON

Unorthodox Comment by the Horse's Front Legs

Residents Film stars and business magnates live here too, in a slightly quieter atmosphere than a hundred yards down Park Lane.
There are flats as well, to give them a feeling of permanency and home from home, if they want it.

Down Stairs Charity dances happen almost every night in the large room downstairs.
Here the New Year celebrations take place, generally with a " surprise " thrown in.
Gala doings on Christmas and Boxing nights in the restaurant.

The Ritz

Changed Atmosphere Take someone who has been abroad a year or two to the Ritz, and they would not believe their eyes.
Was it here or at Claridge's that the legend of the dead Duke upstairs used to make us talk in whispers and lent an air of morbid dignity ?

Crowded Hours Take a look at it now. You can scarcely get in the hall for a pre-lunch cocktail ; you must book a table for luncheon days ahead ; and on a Wednesday night, well, it 's almost impossible.
Celebrities of the most thrilling kind are two a penny ; and it 's the gossip-writer's conception of heaven.
Aletto, that most tactful diplomat, manages never to offend anyone. If you cannot secure a table, you leave feeling pleased that he was so nice about it.
There is usually one Viennese item in the cabaret. They suit the atmosphere, and the orchestra excels in waltzes.

New Dish A new turbot dish of the chef's invention is a great success. One of our major royalties asked Aletto if she might send her chef to learn the secret.

Disappointed Women Waiting for Ritz Lunch Tables

Luigi's

From Z to L For the first few days Luigi's grill was in the form of a Z. It soon became too crowded, and the first leg of the Z was sacrificed to make room for people waiting, and cocktailing meanwhile.
Now the charming L-shaped room is packed, and Luigi's Grill is definitely on the Mayfair map.

Décor Flower decorations are most effective and original.

au RITZ

Entertainment every night by famous cabaret stars.
Dancing to Joe Kaye's Ritz Band. Extension—Wednesday.

PICCADILLY, W.1. TELEPHONE: REGENT 8181

Maitre Louis has been appointed Buying Manager after seven years as Chef de Cuisine at Quaglino's, and Maitre Rossignol has taken his place in the kitchen. The above photograph shows Mons. Quaglino with his kitchen staff welcoming Maitre Rossignol.

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AND SUPPER TO
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M. Boscasso — — Manager

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Romance clings about the history of Drambuie, first brought to Scotland almost two hundred years ago by a follower of Prince Charlie. It was then the drink of Princes and Lords, valued for its rarity and its excellence. To-day, manufactured by descendants of the family to whom the recipe was given so long ago, Drambuie retains its pre-eminence on the table of the connoisseur. Obtainable in all first-class establishments.

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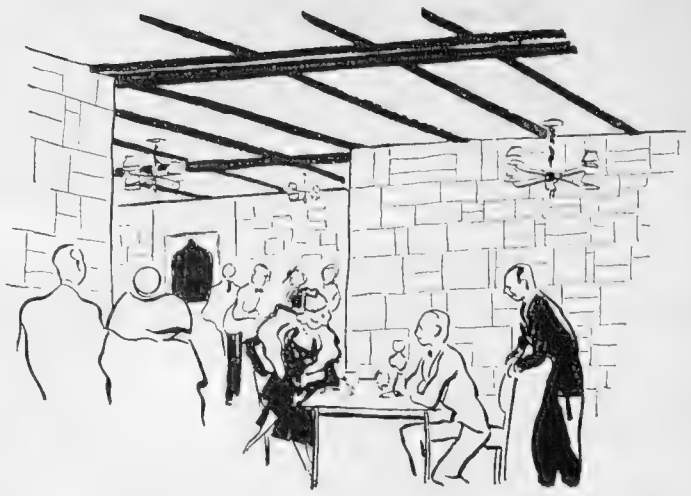


The Below-Stairs Glamour of Luigi's Bar

Sprays of eucalyptus and apple branches, red peppers, etcetera, in large bowls fixed on the walls.

Basement Bar The newly opened snack bar and one-dish idea in the basement is a certain success.

News Items There are a dozen varieties of hot hors-d'œuvres in this restaurant, and mats to ensure the comfort of small dogs kept waiting in the cloakrooms.

Christmas Luigi's is closed on Christmas Day, but will be open on Boxing Day and Sunday from six o'clock.

Prunier's

All Meals For a snack at the counter, a quick lunch in the outside room, or a long, comfortable, dawdling dinner inside, Prunier's cannot be beaten.

All Foods Unbelievable things like snails, oursins, grenouilles, are swallowed by amateur, as well as experienced, gourmets; and more ordinary is cooked food in a dozen original and interesting ways.
The fact that you can get a glass of wine on tap is one of the most popular things here.

Edwardian to Parisian The cosmopolitan atmosphere so cleverly achieved in an erstwhile Edwardian tea-shop is a veritable triumph for the clever young Frenchwoman who took a chance against all advice in opening in London.
The different uniforms of the bartenders and sommeliers add a further touch to the Parisian atmosphere.

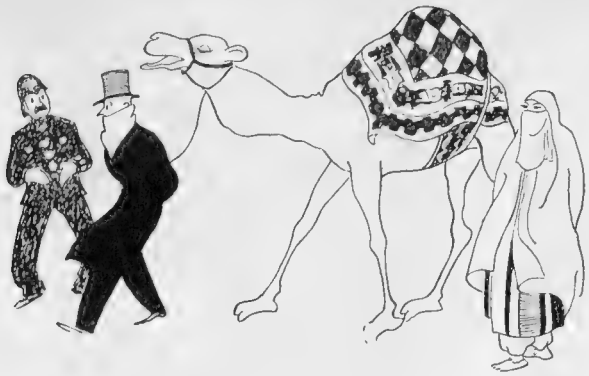
Christmas Lunch from 12.30 and dinner from 7.30 on Christmas and Boxing Days. Sunday, dinner from seven as usual.

The Porter-Waiter of Prunier's

Bon Viveur

Success Story No brighter refuge on a cold winter's night exists than this charming little club which looks like a mixture of gay Montmartre and gayer Riviera.
It is the most successful and certainly the most chic of all the small clubs of its kind, and a veritable proof of the old phrase "the survival of the fittest."
The intimate atmosphere of the place makes you feel at home at once, and strangers rarely leave without signing a form of membership.

Music and Food A gentle band perched up on a balcony in a corner of the restaurant entertains without disturbing.



East of Suez Off Curzon Street

Food is laid out on a centre table to intrigue any possible loss of appetite.

Private Parties It is much in demand for private parties. There is to be one on the 17th of this month, when guests are to wear clothes that belong East of Suez. On these occasions, good-natured members who are not invited, take a night off.

Christmas The club will be closed on December 25, 26 and 27.

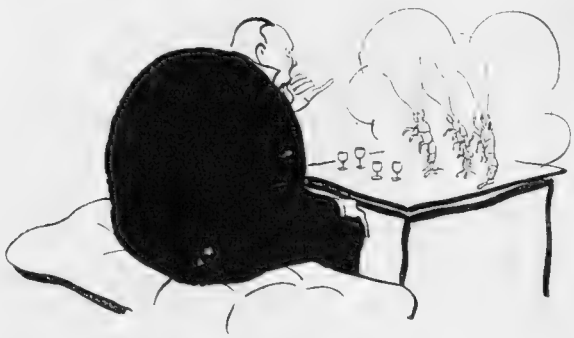
Perroquet

Food Good food and excellent wines in quiet and peaceful surroundings. The prawn cocktail here is the best in London. A trace of celery is perhaps the explanation, also the fact that you are shown a bowl of delicious-looking fresh prawns and you can practically pick your own.

Change of Scene Bellometti transported the exclusive atmosphere and super cuisine of his own restaurant in Golden Square to these Leicester Square surroundings. Admirable for a meal before the theatre or a movie! It is surrounded by both and you save a taxi fare in addition to arriving in time.

Clientele and Cooking An interesting cosmopolitan clientele, a scattering of star authors, actors and film stars and intelligent unknowns, who appreciate inspired cooking in a quiet restaurant in the heart of London.

Christmas The Perroquet also closes for three days for Christmas.



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An intimate Restaurant where you can enjoy excellent food and wines . . . Be sure and book your table
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Blue Room Impression

The Blue Room

Décor and History The Blue Room (ex-Cossack Restaurant) in Jermyn Street, is somehow unlike any other of its size and type in London.
Perhaps it is the contrast between that impressive bar with its carved Masonic ceiling and the gaiety and cheerfulness of the little blue-walled restaurant.
In its pre-bar days it was a Masonic Temple, and it was here that the King was initiated into the secrecies of that famous order.

Cabaret Betty Frankiss and the Six Debutantes entertain at midnight.

Headman The restaurant is presided over by M. Boscasso, who for twelve years was maître d'hôtel of the Majestic, and collected numerous patrons from both sides of the Atlantic.

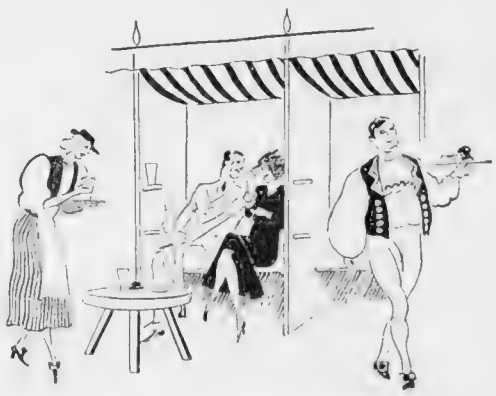
Food There are cooks of all nationalities in the kitchen, and if you want "bortsch" it is made for you by a Russian; "minestrone" by an Italian, and so on.

Plaza Snack Bar

Typically Swiss At a moment when Swiss sport enthusiasts are unearthing their skis from the family dug-out, and oiling their skates, and buying "snappy numbers" in sports wear, we found ourselves at the Plaza Snack Bar, in Leicester Square.
It was the commissionaire, and then the barmaid clad in full Swiss regalia, that first attracted our attention.
After that, the national dishes and entrancing wines made another visit inevitable.

Good Points Whether it was the loud-speaker divulging national secrets; the sauerkraut; or the cheese soufflé that made us like this place so much, we would not know.
The bar with its striped red-and-white awning reminded us of a sun-drenched restaurant on the Riviera. A worthwhile pre-Christmas impression of London if ever there was one.

Headman M. Jeremy will see that you enjoy yourselves as much as we did if you go there.



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Prices from 4 Gns.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
70, Jermyn Street, London, W.1.

Getting Married (Continued from page C)

Rees — Bond

Douglas Rees, son of Captain and Mrs. Walter Rees, of Neath, Glamorgan, and Carinthia Bond, younger daughter of Dr. Henry Bond and the late Mrs. Bond, of Cambridge, were married at St. Mark's, Regent's Park

Jones — Babington

Macdonald — Groves

At St. James's, Piccadilly, Stuart Thomson Macdonald, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Macdonald, of Thorntonhall, Lanarkshire, married Florence Brenda Groves, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Groves, of Herne Bay, Kent

Left: Captain Hume Riversdale Jones, son of Mr. Hume Jones, LL.D., married Ruth Babington at St. Peter's, Antrim Road, Belfast. She is the younger daughter of the Rt. Hon. A. B. Babington, Attorney General for Northern Ireland, of 69, Somerton Road, Belfast

Mistletoe now stands as a symbol of plenty. Originally it was held sacred by the Druids who regarded it as a gift from heaven and gathered it with golden knives

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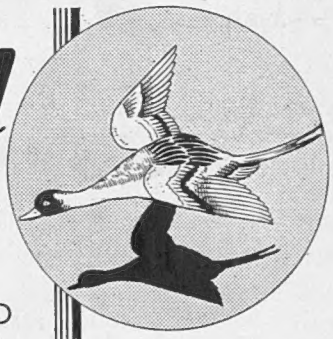

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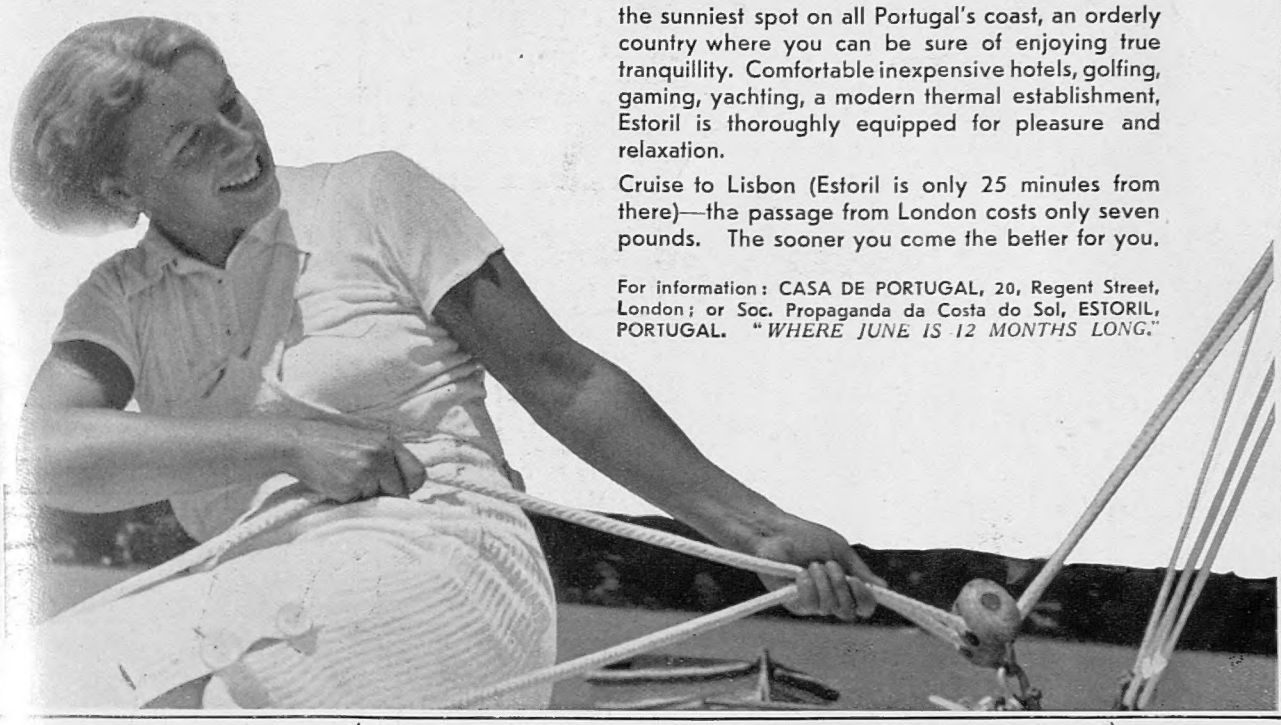
ESTORIL



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